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THE MAORI PEOPLE

This is the Second of a Series of Three Articles Specially Prepared for The Native Voice by John M. Sinclair

THE RENAISSANCE

PART II

In the Maori mind was lodged a seed of suspicion that their only hope of salvation lay in their own hands. That to avert their eventual extinction had become almost singularly Maori problem. Disregard of pakeha's ways had rendered almost useless, his attempts to help. Destiny threw her cloak over a group of young Maori students; who realized that in the efforts of the white world there lay the belated salvation of their race. Three friends became the nucleus of the Young Maori Society of 1890. Their names later came inscribed in the annals of world history as Te Rangi Hiroa (Sir Peter Buck), Sir Apirana Ngata, M.A., LL.B., and Sir Maui Pomare, K.B.E.

These young Maoris drew from pakeha education a mission to be given in their people both pride in the past and hope for the future. Buck and Pomare were doctors who found in modern medicine the key to the future health of the race; but the group as a whole believed firmly that Maori had its own permanent values, that revival must come from within. They dug deep, therefore, into the rich cultural background of the people. They became experts in the intricate tribal system, arts and the crafts, the oratory art of government, indeed in the whole traditional background still ruled the Maori mind. A knowledge of Maori and pakeha alike they could see in a new light and explain with a new force, the fundamental significance of the problem for the Maori people, the manner in which Maori customs could be adapted to modern needs. Thus equipped they rallied the country rousing their people to pride in their race, history and tradition, while at the same time teaching pakeha ideas of housing, education and hygiene. By making the best of the two worlds between which the Maori lived, they offered a remedy at once for the diseases of the body and disturbances of the mind that had threatened to exterminate the native race in New Zealand.

Between 1840 and 1890 the Maori population had fallen from a quarter of a million to less than 40,000. In 1921 it stood at 57,000 and in the next 20 years it almost doubled. It is over 100,000 and rapidly increasing. In 1941 the Maori birth rate was 46.26 per thousand as compared with 22.12 for the European population with 58 percent of the Maoris under 21. There can be no question of the vigor and power to survive, for the last 50 years Maori nationhood has been recreated. Through tedious and tenacious traditions small communities hope has



Sir Peter H. Buck, whose Maori name is Te Rangihiroa, comes of two races, his father was Wm. H. Buck, and his mother, Ngarongoki-tua, a chieftainess of North Taranaki. Te Rangihiroa is a New Zealander of high attainments and many achievements. As a doctor he was for some years Chief Health Officer of the Maoris. He represented the Northern Maori electorate in Parliament for six years and held ministerial rank, representing the Maoris and Natives of the Cook Islands. He served with distinction in the war in Europe, 1914-1918, first as medical officer in the Maori Pioneer Battalion and then as Major, second in command, receiving the D.S.O. Later he was Director of Maori Hygiene in New Zealand. He then entered the field of Polynesian anthropology, voyaging the Pacific and studying the natives of many islands. He also wrote scientific books and lectured at Yale. He is now Director of the Bishop Museum, Honolulu, the headquarters of Polynesian research.

come again to a disheartened people. They have a nationality of their own and their relations with the pakeha are not only a matter of brown men and white but of a national minority dealing with a sympathetic but not always well informed majority.

The attitude of the European is governed to some extent by the uneven distribution of the Maori people. The Maoris number 5.6 percent of the population but three quarters of them are concentrated in the top third of the North Island. Here, contact between the two races is closest and danger of friction and misunderstanding greatest. On the other hand, many people in the rest of New Zealand have no regular contact with the Maoris: and taking the country as

a whole, comparatively few white men are aware that there is a "Maori problem" at all. Competition in the economic sphere, of which so far there has been little, would certainly tend to encourage it. But at the moment—and this does say something for the quality of the two races concerned; there are no conflicts between the two peoples which cannot be resolved by a little tolerance, mutual understanding and active good will.

FOR THE MOST part white New Zealanders are firmly convinced that the Maori has been well treated, as indeed he has by most

the number of pakehas who fall short of their own standards of virtue and thrift. The more normal attitude, however, is protective and one of sentimental pride. New Zealanders fiercely resent any criticism of the Maoris. This form of pride is especially evident in times of war. Maori soldiers on the march will receive an especially hearty cheer and the papers rejoice in any stories of Maori valor. There is no place in the social or military hierarchy barred to a Maori. It was a real satisfaction when during World War 2 the Maori Battalion was placed under a Maori commanding officer. When the V.C. was awarded to Lieutenant Moana-Nui-a-Kiwa-Ngarimu it was a national event and the country rang with pride at the recognition of one of her fighting sons.

Socially, one may meet and dance with many Maori girls. Inter-marriage between Maori and white is quite common and children of mixed blood suffer no social or cultural disabilities. Maori leaders have come from both mixed and full blood Maori homes. The late Hon. Sir James Carroll probably one of the most popular statesmen in New Zealand was the son of a pakeha settler, Joseph Carroll

(Continued on Page 10)



The Hon. Sir Maui Pomare, K.B.E., M.P. The late Sir Pomare, who was one of the most distinguished leaders of the Maori race, died in California on June 28th, 1930, at the untimely age of 54. He was the pioneer doctor among the Maoris, and will ever be remembered and honored for his services in improving the health and the living conditions of his people. He directed Maori hygienic work until he was called on by the Western Maori electorate to represent it in Parliament, and he was for many years a member of the Government, representing the Native race and its people of the South Sea Island under New Zealand's flag.

standards, and that New Zealand is a shining example of how two races may live amicably together. Whenever evidence is brought to light that difficulties still exist some have a tendency to feel patronizing or to plunge into unthinking condemnation of human frailty—as personified in the Maori. The moralist speaks of Maori improvidence and love of liquor; but he has no statistics of the quantity of alcohol consumed by white men or



The Hon. Sir Apirana T. Ngata, M.A., LL.B., Member of Parliament for the Eastern Maori electorate in the New Zealand House of Representatives.

Sir Apirana first entered Parliament in 1905. He was formerly Native Minister and Minister in Charge of the Cook and other Islands. He has been for many years the great leader of his tribe and race in farming work, utilizing modern methods, particularly in sheep-farming and dairying, with great success.

INDIANS AND THE VOTE

- Quoted from Hansard

Mr. BROWN: Mr. Chairman, I shall give my reason for the amendment. The Indian Affairs committee, which is a joint committee of the Senate and the House of Commons, has considered the question of voting by the Indian population in Canada. On or about May 6 of this year a unanimous report was made by the committee to the house, recommending that votes be given the Indians on the same basis as they are given to urban voters. The reason was that in that way it would be necessary that they be enumerated and be on the enumerators' list. At elections they would not be able to go to the polls with some other person already on the list, and be sworn in.

At six o'clock the committee took recess.

After Recess

The committee resumed at eight o'clock.

The DEPUTY CHAIRMAN: When the committee rose at six o'clock the hon. member for Essex West was speaking to an amendment.

Mr. BROWN: Mr. Chairman, as we adjourned for the dinner recess I had explained that this amendment is the result of a report made to this house by the Indian affairs committee on or about the 6th day of May of this year, recommending that the North American Indian on a reserve in Canada be given the right to vote in dominion elections on the same basis as voters in urban centres. The Indian would then have to be enumerated and be on an enumerator's list on election day. This recommendation was the result of many representations made to the committee by various organizations from coast to coast throughout Canada and by many Indian organizations. Representations have also been made by one who, as I speak here tonight, is sitting in the gallery of this house, the Reverend Doctor Peter Kelly, of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, a Doctor of Divinity and a member of the United Church clergy.

The Indian pays taxes. He pays sales tax; he pays income tax on income earned off the reserve; in fact, he pays all taxes except taxes on the land he occupies on the reserve. It is therefore felt by the Indians that they are paying taxes and having no representation. The principle of taxation without representation does not appeal to them or to many church and other organizations. It was unanimously felt by the committee that the giving of the vote to the Indian would

create in him a desire to help himself—the theme of the Indian affairs committee since its inception has been that we were endeavouring to help the Indian help himself—and that it would create in the Indian a sense of obligation to society. It would train him in our democratic practices and make him realize that he has a place in the Canadian economy and in the Canadian society.

On the other hand, the giving of the vote to the Indian would result in a recognition by government agencies and by members of parliament that the Indian was not a chattel but a human being and as such had certain rights in our society and that he should be looked to and his rights be protected. In other words, the thought of the committee has been that the giving of the vote to the Indian will help us to assimilate the Indian. When I say assimilate I do not mean that the Indian would lose his rich background of cultural achievements, or any of the rights that he enjoys under treaties, or any of his rights, statutory or at common law; but that he would be recognized as being a human being and subject to the attention of those seeking office.

This thought of the Indian affairs committee and this recommendation are not without precedent, for in the United States the vote was given to the Indian in federal elections with certain minor qualifications. So that in moving this amendment, Mr. Chairman, I feel that a great step would be taken toward the assimilation of the Indian into the population of the Dominion of Canada, and it would make not only other Indians but the Indian Canadian realize that we are all united.

Mr. GIBSON (Comox-Alberni): Mr. Chairman, in rising to second the amendment of the hon. member for Essex West, who, as the committee knows, was chairman of the Indian affairs committee, I think it is well to call attention at once to the recommendation that was submitted to the house last year by the Indian affairs committee in regard to the enfranchisement of Indians. Perhaps I should not say "enfranchisement," because

the Indians feel that there is some liability connected with that term. Shall I say, grant the privilege to the Indian of voting in a federal election.

I can well appreciate the stand now taken by the Indians. They feel that they are unjustly taxed by the income tax law, because they say they have not a vote. Generally speaking, it is the more advanced and more cultured Indians who will be paying most of the tax, because in ordinary circumstances the more cultured among them have the higher incomes.

When the Indian affairs committee made this recommendation we knew that the committee on the Dominion Elections Act was sitting, and I thought at that time it would be possible for that committee to consider our recommendation and make it possible for certain segments of our Indian population, the better educated and more advanced, to vote in dominion elections. Everyone will agree that the problem of Indians voting is a peculiar one. We have 125,000 Indians scattered over this country from the United States border to the Arctic ocean, and as a result they are bound to be in all stages of civilization. The more advanced professional people among the Indians live near the United States border, and the Indians who are still in almost an aboriginal state live farther north. I do not think it would be wise to grant to the aboriginal native Indian, without an education and without a knowledge of English, the same privilege that we grant to his brother who may be a professional man. That is the feeling of the Indian leaders themselves. They realize what a vast difference there is in the culture of the Indians in various parts of Canada.

As a way out of some part of the problem, it seems to me that it might be necessary for us to recommend to the committee on the Dominion Elections Act that an Indian applying for the privilege of voting be required to fill in an application to indicate to the enumerators that he can read and write. It does not seem quite right that a man who cannot read the names

on the ballot should have the privilege and the responsibility of going into an election booth and taking part in a federal election. There is no question that the educational disability which some of the Indians possess will be overcome in the next twenty years so far as seventy-five percent of them are concerned. Anybody who has studied the program of the Department of Mines and Resources and the Department of National Health and Welfare will realize that these branches of government are making available a greater sum of money to further Indian educational advancement. From my own personal knowledge of the Indians on the Pacific coast, I would say that within the next twenty years most of them will be competent to exercise an intelligent franchise without any aid as to education. In fact, most of them are competent now. The difficulties and problems which the Indians now face will certainly be solved by the action of the members of parliament whom, I trust, they will help to elect when they receive the vote.

Mr. GIBSON (Hamilton West): The amendment which has been offered is one which has not been considered by the elections committee. I understand that many problems will arise if this amendment is passed. I would hesitate to hold up the passage of this bill by referring the amendment back to the committee which has already considered the election act. The committee considered the act last session and throughout the session. The amendment which has been put forward tonight is not one that was brought before the committee during its meeting and while I do not know all the problems that it would raise, I understand that many Indians are anxious to have the vote. I understand that in Saskatchewan the chiefs of all the tribes in that province at a gathering decided to have a petition forwarded that they not be granted the vote, since they felt it might be the thin edge of the wedge to take away their treaty rights. I believe this matter should be thoroughly considered by the elections committee before being incorporated in the act, and would suggest that the amendment be dropped in the meantime and referred to the elections committee.

(Continued on Page 15)



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M.P. Says Indians
Should Be
In On Revision

The fourth report of the Committee was tabled in the House June 22nd. It recommends that the law officers of the Crown start on a redraft of the Act for preparation for further work at the next session of the House.

WE ARE recommending, among other things, that the Special Joint Committee be reconstituted at the next session of Parliament, and that a draft bill to revise the Indian Act be prepared for that committee. We are also recommending that a Claims Commission be set up with the least possible delay to enquire into the terms of all Indian treaties to determine the rights and obligations therein involved, and to consider all claims and grievances. It asks that provision be made for the appointment of a select Standing Committee for Indian Affairs, which will become a permanent part of the Canadian Parliament.

I endorse a good many of these things, but I am taking serious exception to the general attitude of the Committee, and its report in predetermining the fate of the Indians without adequate representation from the Indians themselves in the actual revision of the Act, and deciding the future fate of the Indians. I think this is particularly important in the settling of disputes, and determining the actual status of Indians' rights and privileges under treaties, and also the matter of whether or not the Indians should be given the franchise. In the whole matter of the settlement of Indian Affairs, I am of the opinion that the Indians themselves, through their organizations, should have a greater voice in determining the future of their nation.

YOU WILL SEE from the above that there will be no revision of the Indian Act in the present session of Parliament, and I personally feel somewhat resentful that more direct action has not been taken at this time to rectify the deplorable conditions which exist among by far the greater part of the 130 thousand Indians of Canada.

G. H. CASTLEDEN,
M.P. for Yorkton.

CHIEF MOSES MOON visited the Native Brotherhood office at Vancouver on official business and also St. Paul's Hospital, and at the conclusion returned to his home at Comox, B.C.

Representation
Held Inadequate

I have read in the daily newspapers, CP reports, etc., that the Special Joint Committee on Indian Affairs at Ottawa has submitted its fourth report, but the daily papers did not specify whether or not the committee's report was favorably received or approved by the Parliament of Canada.

It would seem to me, from here, that the majority of the members of the Special Joint Committee are endeavoring to decide the fate of the native Canadian Indians without having an adequate representation from the native Indians themselves when the actual revision of the much-discussed Indian Act takes place.

I think that is an exceedingly unfair and a very unjustifiable procedure, and I maintain that the Special Joint Committee of the Senate and the House of Commons certainly should have recommended that native Indians of repute and distinction, such as Rev. P. R. Kelly, D.D., and Brigadier O. M. Martin and a few others, be appointed to represent the native people when the revising of that outmoded and grossly uncivil Indian Act is taking place.

I have already stressed this point, and very emphatically, in my brief which was presented to the Special Joint Committee and which can be found in the Minutes of Proceedings and Evidence, page 638, article 1, bulletin No. 14, 1946.

Toronto.

JASPER HILL,
(Big White Owl).

Duncan Indians
Living In
'Miserablehovels'

—PEARKEs

Speaking in the House of Commons recently, Maj.-Gen. G. R. Pearkes, V.C., M.P. for Nanaimo Riding, protested what he called the "meagre" appropriation by the Dominion Government for improvement in Indian reserves in Canada.

Gen. Pearkes compared the amount, \$500,000 with \$5,500,000 for national parks and \$20,000,000 for housing for married service men. "There is just outside Duncan, right on the highway, a reserve that is an example. Any tourist driving up Island Highway must pass through Duncan and see the miserable hovels in which these Indians are living."

—Cowichan Leader.

OPENING DATES FOR
SALMON PURSE SEINE
IN AREAS 7 AND 8

This is to advise that in accordance with the provisions of the Special Fishery Regulations for the Province of British Columbia that portion of Salmon Purse Seine Area No. 7 (Bella Bella Area) comprising the waters of Fitzhugh Sound and Fisher Channel lying south of a straight line drawn between Nob Point and Start Point will be open for salmon purse seine fishing after 6 a.m. Tuesday, July 20th, 1948. The remaining portion of Salmon Purse Seine area No. 7, as described in the Special Fishery Regulations for B.C. as well as Salmon Purse Seine Area 8 will open for salmon purse seine fishing after midnight Sunday, July 25th, 1948.

A. J. WHITMORE,
Chief Supervisor of Fisheries.

Chief Philip Brown Passes

Klemtu Mourns
Hereditary Chief

KLEMTU, B.C.—Chief Philip Brown succumbed to a long illness. He was the leading Chief of this village, and the hereditary chief of the Kitasiu Tribe, one of the two tribes settled here.

Chief Brown was prominent in many circles, such as the council, church and had served as our lay preacher. He was a strong supporter of the Native Brotherhood movement ever since its inception; he was a man with a militant spirit and well respected by both whites and natives.

Chiefs and leading men from surrounding villages were on hand to pay homage at the funeral; Chief Charlie Moody and Chief Berty Humchitt, as well as their headmen and eminent ladies from Bella Bella.

REV. CANTELIN, the missionary at Bella Bella, also journeyed to Klemtu to officiate in the last rites. Louis Clifton, William Robinson, John Eaton and many others came from Hartley Bay. The Klemtu Cannery was represented by Mr. Owen Snell, the manager, and Arthur Hays, the bookkeeper. Mr. George Simpson represented the local of the UFAWU. The Indian Agent of this district, Mr. W. P. Pruden and Mr. Levelton of Bella Coola were also present.

The day was overcast as the funeral was held, but the air was still and there wasn't a rustle on the full grown leaves, just the soft drips of the summer rains as the long procession wended its way to the cemetery. The Klemtu Band played the soft strains of a funeral march and there was the occasional tolling of the church bell. This sad day will long be remembered as it marks the closing of an era and an opening of a new day that may bring the long awaited renaissance in Indian life as advocated by the late Chief. He died as the vain hopes of the Indian rise again.

MILDRED VALLEY Thornton, on a recent visit, interviewed Chief Philip Brown and painted his portrait.

The last appearance of our late veteran chief in the pulpit of our church was on New Year's Eve, when he conducted the watch meeting. The few people who were there all agreed this was a very impressive service, and the Chief delivered a very inspiring message. He also gave us a perfect translation of the 23rd Psalm and the Sermon on the Mount in the Tsimpsan language.

THIS SERVICE will be cherished in our memories for our emotions were touched, but we were unaware this was the farewell message from a courageous man who had served as our leader and had carried out the traditions of the Natives as our hereditary Chief.

CHIEF BROWN was active in numerous tribal affairs and conducted his duties well. He served as our chief councillor for many years and was a member of the church committee and it was due to his persuasion that we upheld and maintained our choir. In addition to the many offices he served he was the president of our silver band.

Our Chief lead a useful life and his great work was well done, and it is with deep regret we must say farewell to a man who eventually had come to his well earned rest.

—Tribute by William Freeman.



Those Delightful School Papers

The Native Voice has received, with great pleasure, "DOOTEELTH" from Bella Bella, "WESTERN EAGLE" from Alberni, and "THE DRAGON" from Lytton.

The cover on each is very appropriate, with considerable thought in the make-up. Dootelth has on its cover a boy "on his mark," ready to start a race, and in the background is a large maple leaf. Western Eagle displays three eagles, the larger at centre top and two smaller ones at the sides, with a large A in the background. The Dragon is very artistically done, the dragon having large wings and a very long tail and the expression on its face is peculiar. Anyway you have the feeling it could be a rather nice dragon.

All papers have their own school and local news.

Dootelth is published by young people—not a school paper.

"Dootelth" says:

"As the Y.P.S. season draws to a close, let us review the happenings of the past year.

"Some of our accomplishments were the successful publication of the Dootelth with a sale of over 150 copies. In an effort to raise money for the Organ Fund, we held a variety concert in the Community Hall in February, and you will remember the profitable carnival held in April, at which a sum of \$130.00 was realized. Besides these money-making ventures we have managed to paint Gibson Hall and repaired the furniture of the hall. The church roof was repaired through the efforts of some of our members and of Mr. Cantillon. Our attendance was high all through the season and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves at all the meetings.

"We would like at this time to express our sincere thanks to all who contributed in making this year so successful. We are planning for the coming year already and with so many young people interested in this organization we are certain that next year will be even more successful and that the young people may join in one great fellowship together.

"Young people, when the fall season opens, please feel welcome to come and join us—there is always room for more.

"G. SCHELL,
"D. WINDSOR."

"Western Eagle," in greetings from the principal, Mr. Caldwell, notes that Alberni School had adopted the full Public School curriculum and more time must be spent by the pupil in studying. Also that grades ten and eleven pupils attending the Public High School are doing well, and more

than holding their own with other High School pupils. Della Charles is on the editorial staff of the High School magazine.

Mr. Caldwell congratulates the parents on the behaviour of their children in the school. They have not had one major breach of discipline during the past year.

Here is a quote on Mr. Peake, which many will find interesting, as Mr. Peake is well known and liked.

"Many Old Boys of Coqualeetza and Alberni schools will join with the present pupils in regretting the retirement of Mr. Peake from the school staff. Mr. Peake served these schools for many years, coming back to Alberni after four years overseas service with the Canadian Army. His health suffered as a result of his war services, but he carried on until he found it completely necessary to take a rest. He left for his home in England in February.

"The Old Boys of Coqualeetza and Alberni are noted for their good sportsmanship and gentlemanly behaviour and it is to the instruction, and individual interest of Mr. Peake that they owe this enviable reputation.

"The high regard in which Mr. Peake is held is evidenced by the many visits to the school of Old Boys, coming especially to see him. We all wish him God Speed, a Long Life and Prosperity, and hope to see him again."

The art work in "The Dragon" is most expressive. In a message from the Principal, Mr. Hives says, "As I have told you many times in the past, and do so again now, true happiness and fullness of living is not plucked or derived from the lives of other people. The initial effort toward happiness and fullness of living must come from your own individual selves."

Here is a news item that is interesting:

TUBERCULOSIS POSTER CONTEST

This year, as before, the British Columbia Tuberculosis Society sponsored a poster contest amongst the children of Day and Residential Indian Schools.

The Society's silver cup, won last year by Alberni Residential School, was awarded this year to our own school. This cup is given to the school submitting the best poster which was Frank Henry's of Grade 6.

Frank also won the silver cup and five dollars for submitting the best poster in the individual class for residential schools.

Three additional cash prizes were awarded to every school submitting at least four posters. Since Frank had already won in the individual work, second prize of three dollars was won by Ramona Bent, Grade 8, and third prize of two dollars by Florence Kirkpatrick, Grade 2.

YOUNG CEDARS MUST HAVE ROOTS

By HUBERT EVANS

EDITOR'S NOTE—This gripping and significant story is reprinted with the kind permission of the author, Herbert Evans, and of Maclean's Magazine, who readily gave us their permission to do so.

The Indian Affairs Branch recommends this story to all teachers of Indian schools in Canada.

PART II

(Continued from last issue)

THE BOSS LOGGER filled his pipe and rested his elbows on the table. "Look, Paul," he said thoughtfully. "Not that I want to break up families. But you've got ability. A live wire like you'd be far better off out on his own. Stick around with your people and they'll drag you down every time."

To be praised, advised, like this was really something. "You got something there, Mr. McLeod. I guess you know I'm not so dumb. And I'm sure glad to be working for you."

But the white man only shook his head. "With the families gone there won't be enough work in the store. But tell you what. I'll be pulling out some time tonight to pick up those fallers. I'll need somebody to spell me off at the wheel of the workboat anyway, so you better come along. A friend of mine runs a mill in Rupert and I'll put in a word for you. You'd make out fine up there, Paul."

PAUL DREW IN HIS LIPS and stared hard at the floor. The suggestion, coming so unexpectedly, startled him. But it showed how much Mr. McLeod would do for a fellow he knew had something on the ball. It made you feel alive and all steamed up, in a way he'd never felt before. But mixed up, too, and sort of scared—

"Get away from these people, Paul. And stay away. You talk good English now. Six months and they'll have you cluck-clucking like the rest. All that old stuff, forget it. It's dead. Bury it. Then, soon's you're of age, get yourself enfranchised, get to be one hundred percent Canadian. That's the only way you young Indians ever will get ahead. There's nothing for you here, Paul. You think it over."

ALONE IN THE little store and later while he got fuel and water

aboard the workboat for the trip that night, Paul kept telling himself that the time had come when it must be one thing or the other. There were times when he felt sure of himself, daring, eager to vindicate himself in the eyes of his people and to prove the white man's confidence in him. Then, suddenly, he felt afraid.

Resolutely he tried to fortify himself with all the stirring things his teachers down at residential school sometimes told the older pupils; how they were to be leaders, trail blazers for their people. And at that Native Brotherhood meeting he had gone to in Vancouver when speakers of his own race told of the long struggle for the new day soon to dawn. But though he tried hard, all those fine, high-sounding things stayed what they were—just words. He could see what they meant but inside him he could not make them real.

If only they would be real, as if they were meant for him. He wanted to bare his mind to them, wanted them to sting him, whip him on to a brave recklessness, but always they stayed no more substantial than the steam of your breath. The thing that was real was the self-doubt, the feeling that you did not stand alone, that you had to be part of something.

THEN, SHORTLY BEFORE quitting time, Eunice came into the store. She bought some things, then ventured shyly, "Don't be mad at your uncle, Paul." And there was comfort in her gentle voice.

He knotted the string around the groceries, snapped it briskly. "I'm not mad."

"Well, I guess I was kind of sore. But that's all right. I'm old enough I don't have to take it any more." A pause. "Know something? I'm maybe pulling out tonight. Mr. McLeod can get me a job right in Prince Rupert."

"But Pau!" Her dark eyes widened in disbelief.

"No fooling. There's nothing for me here. Nothing for the others either." He told her what Mr. McLeod had said.

"But everything will be all right. After oolachans you can go halibut fishing like everybody does till salmon season. I don't see why you want to leave the village."

(Continued on Page 12)

Important Announcement!

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THE SONGS OF UAILMIT

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These legends were given to Eloise Street by Chief Khalserten Sepass of Chilliwack. He had them by exact memorization in an ancient Indian tongue which he translated into Chilliwack Indian. Through this medium with the help of Chinook and what English he had, Mrs. C. L. Street and Eloise Street were able to get a translation accurate in rhythm and meaning. These legends have never been published before and will not be put into book form until printed in this paper. There are sixteen chapters in all, and they give a history of our Indian race as handed down from Medicine Man to Medicine Man.

SIYANA, THE SORCERER

Deep in the forest
Siyana, the Sorcerer,
Lived with his two sisters—
The old one and the young one—
Sitdatil and Skhak.

While Siakhum, the Sun,
Walked in Swayhil, the Sky,
He lived
As any other warrior of the tribe;
But when Spalahum, the evening
mists,
Drifted like smoke
From the fires of Kwasil,
The distant, pale stars,
Siyana
Went out from the camp
And was gone
As the mists go
When Siakhum, the Sun,
Wakes from his sleep
And comes through Oabitz, the red
door,
To stand again
In Swayhil, the sky.
Siyana was gone
And his sisters
Waited through the dark,
Troubled for their brother
Who was not at the camp-fire.
Many moons passed
And still, each night,
The sisters crouched together,
Feeding the fire
And waiting for Siyana.

One day
As Siakhum, the Sun,
Came through the red door
Of Oabitz, the dawn,
Siyana stood in the camp.
In his hand was Tchowquis,
The white, hollow bone.
He said to Sitdatil:
"I bring you a gift from Khals,
Chief of Siakhum, the Sun.
Wear it through your nose;
This bone will make you rich."
But Skhak wept
Because there was but one bone.

That night
She plotted with Sitdatil,
And when Siyana had vanished
into the forest,
The two sisters set out to search
Free by tree,
Rock by rock,
To find the white bone treasure
of Siyana.

They found the hidden place . . .
A round stone . . .
A great pile of bones . . .
The white, hollow money bones of
Khals.

Skhak took one
and the sisters fled
in fear of what they had done.
The forest was bright
With the golden green of morning
When they came back to the camp.

Siyana stood there
Sorrowing
To see the white nostril-bone of
Skhak.

He said:
"Take the bones;
Give them to the tribe;
They are money-bones,
The gift of Khals;
But, because you have done this,
I must leave you . . .
You will see me no more."
He was gone into the forest.

The two sisters
Were in despair at what they had
done.

They said:
"We must not lose our brother
For a pile of white bones;
We will look for him
In the forest;
Skumai will help us."

So, Skumai, the little dog,
Ran happily
And played
And sniffed out the trail
Of Siyana, his master.

Day and night,
Through the dark forest paths,
Sitdatil and Skhak
Looked for Siyana.
At last,
Weary with walking,
They sat down to rest
On a round, flat stone.
Skumai
Ran around the stone,
Digging in the earth and barking.
Sitdatil said:
"He is trying to tell us something.
Let us lift the stone."
Skhak cried: "This is the stone of
the bones!"
But the bones were gone.

They pulled at the stone . . .
At a touch
It slid away . . .
There was a hole
Leading to a land that is below the
earth.

They leaned over
And looked down the hole.
Below them
On a flat plain,
Young men played Tsequaleh,
The game of ball.

There was Siyana,
Each strand of his hair pulled
through a white bone
After the fashion of that land.
Sitdatil and Skhak looked down,
Weeping.
Siyana came to stand beneath them
And he felt their tears
Falling on his head.
He looked up . . .
In a moment he was beside them.

They went a long way.
Skhak thought,
"I can hear no sounds of the
forest."

And she opened her eyes,
Just a little.
At once
They were back at the round stone.

Siyana was troubled.
He said:
"We will try again.
Do not open your eyes."

They went a long way.
Sitdatil thought,
"I can hear no sounds of the
forest,"

And she opened her eyes
Just a little.
At once
They were back at the round stone.

Siyana said:
"We will try one time more."
Again
The sisters opened their eyes,
To see what must not be seen.

Siyana said:
"This is the end.
I must leave you.
Take the bones to the tribe.
You will never see me again."

He was gone
But where he had stood,
Rose a great pile of Tchowquis,
the money bone,
Gift of Khals.
Weeping,
They pushed and pulled at the
stone.
It would not move;
It stood firm,
Fastened into the earth,
Like solid rock.

Sitdatil and Skhak
Made their way back to the tribe,
Wearily . . . slowly . . .
With sadness and regret.
They said: "We have disobeyed
our brother, Siyana;
Now, we do his bidding
When it is too late."

They took the money bones to the
tribe.
There was buying and selling,
Feasting and gift-giving;
The bones passed from hand to
hand . . .
Some men were rich and some
poor,
Each according to the brain
And craft that was in him.
Tchowquis, money, had come to
Schwail, the earth.

These are the songs of Uailmit,
The old one, the wise one;
How beasts, one by one,
Came up out of the mud
And sought Tse-chilt-a-mukh,
The land on the other side of
Swayhil, the sky.

Uailmit sang
Of Snigyp, the coyote's son,
And the three boxes
Which he opened
In the lodge of Tsowayhis,
The great bird of Khals.

FURTHER RECOMMENDATIONS BY JOINT COMMITTEE

June 22.—All proposed revisions are designed to make possible the gradual transition of Indians from wardship to citizenship and to help them to advance themselves.

In order to achieve these objectives, your Committee recommends, in addition to other recommendations hereinafter set out,

(a) That the revised Act contain provisions to protect from injustice and exploitation such Indians as are not sufficiently advanced to manage their own affairs;

(b) That Indian women of the full age of 21 years be granted the right to vote for the purpose of electing Band Councillors and at such other times as the members of the band are required to decide a matter by voting thereon;

(c) That greater responsibility and more progressive measures of self government of Reserve and Band affairs be granted to Band Councils, to assume and carry out such responsibilities;

(d) That financial assistance be granted to Band Councils to enable them to undertake, under proper supervision, projects for the physical and economic betterment of the Band members;

(e) That such Reserves as become sufficiently advanced be then recommended for incorporation within the terms of the Municipal Acts of the province in which they are situated;

(f) That the offence and penalty sections of the Indian Act be made equitable and brought into conformity with similar sections in the Criminal Code or other statutes;

(g) That the Indians be accorded the same rights and be liable to the same penalties as others with regard to the consumption of intoxicating beverages on licensed premises, but there shall be no manufacture, sale or consumption, in or on a Reserve, of "intoxicants" within the meaning of the Indian Act;

(h) That it be the duty and responsibility of all officials dealing with Indians to assist them to attain the full rights and to assume the responsibilities of Canadian citizenship.

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Failure to Give Indians Vote Disappointing

OTTAWA.—Failure of Parliament to grant the Indians the vote this session caused keen disappointment. Rev. Peter Kelly, chairman of the legislative committee of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, said.

Mr. Kelly's statement came during an interview prior to his leaving for Vancouver after three weeks in Ottawa, during which he consulted Prime Minister Mackenzie King and other cabinet ministers concerning problems of the Indian.

"Whatever else Parliament didn't do, that is the thing they should have done," he said. "For once the Indian gets the vote, his wishes will be ascertained by politicians as it is with other groups of voters."

Besides making representations for the vote for Indians, Mr. Kelly also took up with the Indian Affairs Committee, Revenue Minister J. J. McCann and Finance Minister Douglas Abbott the question of Indians paying income taxes.

To them he protested that income taxes levied during the war, were a breach of the terms of the British North America Act and other statutes protecting the Indians.

YOUNG AND PEARKES HIT INDIANS' TREATMENT

OTTAWA.—Criticism of the living conditions and schooling of Indians was voiced in the Commons Wednesday night by two British Columbia M.P.s.

They were Rodney Young (CCF, Vancouver Centre) and G. R. Pearkes (PC, Nanaimo), who spoke while estimates of the Indian Affairs Branch were under discussion.

Mr. Young protested against the reported segregation of boys and girls under rigid supervision in Indian schools in British Columbia.

He also requested supervision to prevent Indian girls being "taken into hotel rooms and debauched" on Cordova Street, Vancouver.

Mr. Pearkes spoke of his visit to Nanaimo Reserve No. 1, where he went "in among hovels where there are no lights, no sewers, no water." He objected to only \$500,000 being spent by the government this year for maintenance of reserves and Indian housing.—Vancouver Sun.

WALTER CAMPBELL RECOVERS FROM SHOOTING ACCIDENT

WALTER CAMPBELL, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, shot himself accidentally with a rifle while hunting with another member of his tribe at Ahousat, B.C.

The freak nature of the accident occurred while pulling the rifle from the canoe barrel first, resulting in the bullet shattering the arm between the shoulder and the elbow. Great credit must be given the boy who administered first aid by tying the arm tightly above the wound with a piece of string. The trip from the head of Herbert Arm was then made by canoe to Ahousat, where a gas boat was engaged to carry the wounded man to Tofino Hospital. The doctor of Tofino then rendered first aid and suggested that the man be taken to a more modern hospital as the need for modern instruments would be necessary if the arm were to be saved.

A TAXI WAS hired to take Walter to the airfield and then flown to Vancouver, thence to St. Paul's Hospital. Mrs. Campbell, mother of Walter, accompanied her son on the long journey and called at the Native Brotherhood office to phone to Mrs. Bertha Benson with the message that Walter had been operated on successfully and the condition of the boy was splendid considering the amount of blood lost.

The co-operation of the Indian Department, first by Mr. Garrard, West Coast Indian Agent, in making the necessary arrangements by plane for transporting the wounded man to St. Paul's Hospital at Vancouver was wonderful contribution, and by this a life was saved.

Francis Thomas from Fort Langley visited the Brotherhood office while in Vancouver and discussed several items in regard to the Revision of the Indian Act and also in connection with the Native Voice paper.

One of Mr. Thomas' sons is at present a patient in St. Paul's Hospital and expects to be out in a day or two.

It was a pompous and exceedingly impressive church wedding. Down the aisle came a fragile and lovely society girl; a veil floated like a mist above her classic head, giving her an ethereal appearance.

As she approached the altar, the bride tripped over a flower pot which contained a lily.

"That," she remarked daintily, "is a hell of a place for a lily!"

—Alan Lipscomb.

The House Looks Into the Wigwam

Parliament's Committee on Indian Affairs has earned its keep in proposing an entirely new Indian Act "based on the proposition that an Indian is a human being entitled to certain rights and freedoms according to 1948 conceptions."

The Sun has argued that any distinction between the Indian and the non-Indian in Canada should be all in favor of the Indian. He owned the land before the rest of us came. Despite the best intentions of his conquerors and disposers, he has had pretty survy treatment on the whole.

The parliamentary committee seems to have a similar view. It urges "a gradual transition from wardship to citizenship," that Indian women be given equal rights with menfolk, Indian children be educated with other children, "fully-advanced reserves" be incorporated in municipalities, and that Indians be privileged to drink in public drinking places like other Canadians.

Officials of the Indian Affairs Branch, the report submits, must realize that they are dealing "with human problems and the eventual goal of citizenship for Indians." The officials can't be blamed if they have not realized this in the past. Most of them have worked loyally and unselfishly for the welfare of the Indian, but hampered by a fixation which the majority of Canadians have shared for many years past.

This fixation has been to regard the "poor Indian" as a picturesque but rather helpless individual, not to be taken seriously as a person. It is similar to the attitude of many people toward the Southern Negro and toward others vaguely classed as "natives." It is time, as the parliamentary committee suggests, to regard the "native" of Canada as a human being with rights—and feelings.—Vancouver Sun.

SMALL BASKETS IN DEMAND

Small baskets, trinkets and mats, priced at about 85c, are requested by Josephine Godman, 315 Armit Rd., Victoria, for sale purposes. There is quite a demand for these, so if you have any of these items on hand and wish to dispose of them, send them to Mrs. Godman.

Namu Store Opens With Bang

By KITTY GREEN

Recently our lovely new place store was officially opened. Hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. McLean, plant manager's wife; Mrs. Campbell, wife of our store manager, and Mrs. McLeod. Mrs. Lead heads our bookkeeping staff.

We were all made welcome and invited to a cup of tea as we came in. The children felt very much treated to 20 gallons of ice cream.

Stella Hunt won a lovely doll and Ed Van Skinner won the top prize.

One hundred and fifty adults registered in the Visitors' Book, 26 girls and 35 boys; there were about 400 in all who attended the memorable event. Good luck to our new store.

Lower Nicola, B.C.
Editor, The Native Voice:

Enclosed is one dollar for renewal of my subscription to The Native Voice. I enjoy reading your papers and will not go without them.

MARY COUTLER

Wadhams P.O., B.C.
Editor, The Native Voice:

Sirs,—Enclosed please find \$1 as renewal for yearly subscription to The Native Voice.

After a long association with the Native people and their customs I wish them success in their endeavors to gain equal rights and privileges, and that this year's salmon season be a prosperous one for the Native fishermen.

Yours truly,
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Then said Jesus to his disciples, "If anyone wishes to come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me; for whoever wants to save his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake will find it. What profit will it be if a man gains the whole world and forfeits his own soul?"

—Gospel St. Matthew,
Chapter 16, Verses 24, 25, 26.

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ELLEN TO TEACH INDIAN ART

A matter of great importance to the Native people of British Columbia has recently taken place at Vancouver.

At the recent Conference on Indian Affairs held at the University of B.C., it was repeatedly pointed out that the Native people would much prefer an opportunity to help themselves. It was made clear that what was needed was concrete agreements whereby Native people could take their rightful place in the community, give to that community the many things they undoubtedly have to give, and so enrich Canadian life.

Such an opportunity has recently been given to our Ellen by the Board of Park Commissioners of the City of Vancouver, B.C.

REALIZING THAT perhaps more tourists go to Stanley Park than to any other single area in British Columbia, and to the tourists, Indian Art is perhaps the greatest drawing card in the province, the Parks Board moved with commendable speed after the Conference pointed the way. Appointing Mr. Rowe Holland as a committee of one to interview Mrs. Ellen Neel, the Parks Board set in motion the machinery to give Indian artists an opportunity to sell their work in Stanley Park. Also through Mrs. Neel an opportunity for some of them actually to work in the park itself.

In an agreement completed this month with Ellen and her husband Edward, both formerly of Alert Bay, and more recently of Vancouver, the Board of Parks Commissioners has placed at their disposal a large workshop in Stanley Park. This shop is located at Third Beach, just a stone's throw to the right of the Pauline Johnson Memorial.

Here, amongst the towering trees, with the sound of the sea waves gently lapping the beach and in a place where native people may have held their potlatches; eaten their barbecued salmon and steamed clams since time immemorial, Ellen and her husband will make the first effort to conscientiously attempt the resuscitation of the real old native arts.

As soon as volume will allow, there will be an opportunity for

other Native artists to work with them, and an attempt also will be made to interest the younger people in this part of their heritage. Especially for those younger people who are slightly handicapped will the facilities be used, for Ellen and Ted know that to these few, a living is a much more difficult matter than to those who have good health.

Sale of the work has always been a problem to Native artists. Knowing this only too well through her own experience, Ellen was very pleased to find that the Board of Park Commissioners has also taken this phase of the matter into consideration. To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Southworth, who have recently opened an Art Centre at Ferguson's Point in Stanley Park, must go a great deal of credit for offering, with the sanction and help of the Parks Board, to open another store for the sole sale of Native Arts and Crafts. The work on this store is progressing. Owing to the shortage of material, it will be some time before the store will be ready, but sometime soon, possibly before Christmas, this outlet will be ready.

The store will be done outside in Red Cedar shakes, to simulate the old Native houses, and the interior will be done also in Red Cedar. The decorative scheme will follow closely the old Potlatch houses, and an attempt will be made to foster the atmosphere of honourable dealing and full values, which was a part of the dealing system of our people before the white man came.

NOW THERE is one thing that Ellen wishes to be made clear to

all the people interested. Ellen's training has come almost entirely from her grandfather, Charlie James. Charlie passed on before Ellen had a chance to be completely trained, and Ellen feels that the older people have a great deal of information which they could pass on to her. If they will do this, Ellen promises that the knowledge will be held in trust for the people, and that she will pass it on to others, whenever she has the opportunity.

As you all know, it was the custom among us for the elders to guide and instruct the younger people, and since Ellen's schooling kept her away from home most of her life, she feels that she missed too much in the way of learning from her own people, and of our own customs. She would like it immensely, if, any time any of you are down here, you would feel free to make her home a calling place on your trip, she wants to talk to you. Also, if there is any advice you can give, or any part of the old ways which you think should be preserved, write to Ellen, or come and see her. She promises to do what she can to help.

To Ellen, this opportunity is a challenge and a great responsibility. She feels that she needs the guiding hand of the old people, and since it has always been the custom of the elders to teach the younger ones, she wants your advice on all matters.

THIS VENTURE can only be a complete success if every person even remotely connected, gives Ellen and Ted their whole-hearted co-operation. Whenever there is the necessity for information, or whenever there is a situation where publicity will help, the pages of this newspaper will be open for it, and for any discussion necessary.

And so we say, "Some on, Native people, let us get behind this venture and show the Parks Board that we appreciate the confidence placed in one of us, and let us help Ellen and Ted to show our fellow Canadians that we have something of worth, that we are willing to share."

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Dawn Man's Mark In California

By CHIEF SHUP SHE

Little Lake, Calif., is the spot where the latest finds of early Indian culture have been uncovered. At a spot some two miles north of Little Lake, human bones and arrowheads have been found which are about 15,000 years old.

This uncovering of prime historical importance has excited archaeologists of an expedition from the Southwest Museum. Their director, Mark R. Harrington, says that for the first time "Pinto Culture" relics have been found in a positive, original location, undisturbed by the elements for more than 3,000 years.

THE CAMP SITE is on the lava walled banks of a long vanished river that once ran south from glacier-fed Owens Lake. A waterfall was then nearby and a commodious lava cave was used for shelter centuries before Piute Indians came along and etched their own drawings on the dark cavern walls.

They lived in a lush, well-wooded area at that bygone age as everything was well watered by the melting glacier during either of the pluvial eras.

THAT PART OF North America of long ago saw the rise and fall of many tribes and cultures now a bit of dust and weathered bone. However, 15,000 years of time would destroy all we are so proud of today and I wonder what men 15,000 years from today will say of our times and culture? We will never read of the heros, the wars, the inventions, the dreams of those aged fathers of our race, yet they too worked their way and our way up the ladder of civilization and passed on to give way to newer and later cultures stemming out of South America. For the blood lines of most or all North American tribes started in the great river valleys of South America and moved around the Gulf of Mexico ever northward. They mixed, fought, died and built, moving ever into the land left open by the glacier as it melted northward.

ALERT BAY RALLIES TO HELP FLOOD VICTIMS

James Sewid, District Vice-President of the Brotherhood, called a meeting late one night, about 11 o'clock. He called upon the Sisterhood to canvass from house to house. The members who worked on this project were: Mrs. Reg Cook, Mrs. James Sewid, Mrs. Herbert Cook, Mrs. Gideon Whonock.

The Brotherhood members to canvass were: Tom Hunt, Simon Beans, Olie Shaughnessy, Jonathan Whonock, James Sewid, Herbert Cook.

Donations from Alert Bay	
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Sisterhood, raffle cake	23.00
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Fort Rupert Indian Village	41.60
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Village	15.00
	\$646.15

Geo. D. Ryan, proprietor of the General Store and Post Office at Metlakatla has a real smart new gill-netter in the "Venn-Pass No. 2," built by Wahl's Boatyard, Digby Island.

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WHO WANTS THE VOTE?

At the final sitting for this term, the House of Commons fully discussed the vote for Indians. (On Page 2 is quoted the actual discussion.) A motion in favor was made and seconded, discussed further, then voted down; voted down mainly on the grounds that our people are illiterate, and disunited.

Who has been able to prove which was first created, the hen or the egg?

Canada has had years to "educate" the Indian. Has Canada done so in the accepted sense of the word? Definitely not; not because Indians are unintelligent — because Canada hasn't bothered.

Were we to have our own representative in Parliament, then Canada would have to bother, because we would have a voice in Parliament to demand education, etc.

Rev. Dr. P. R. Kelly sat throughout the discussions, unable to utter one word. You do not speak at Ottawa unless you are invited. How many times in 100 years have Indians been invited to speak?

The evidence presented in the last two years revealed heartbreaking conditions in every part of Canada, such a morass of bungling and neglect that to put our people on a par educationally, physically, economically and spiritually with the whites, would take many years.

As for being disunited, we feel that there has not been enough education on the vote question for our people to understand it entirely. The main issue appears to be the giving up of hereditary rights in order to vote.

We feel we are not disunited on this question when it is understood.

Quoting from the Native Brotherhood of B.C. Brief, we read: "The only solution is to extend the rights of citizenship to the Indians as such without the necessity of their enfranchisement. The rights of citizenship should be extended to the Indians, but in view of the many issues involved, careful consideration should be given to the conditions under which this could be granted. A system of native representation such as the Maoris enjoy in New Zealand could be the pattern followed in Canada. There the Maoris retain their aboriginal rights but at the same time have full representation in parliament. Why cannot this be done in Canada? Then a beginning can be made towards citizenship followed by a transitional period of probation towards ultimate citizenship."

Who would object to voting for one of our own representatives, always retaining our hereditary rights?

If we could present a united stand throughout Canada on this basis, we shall have gained the biggest step towards a Renaissance.

FURTHER TAXATION AND STILL NO WORD ABOUT REPRESENTATION

Canada broke her promise when she taxed Indians. Having broken her promise, she gives no returns for taxes collected—no old-age pension, no mother's pension, and no social service. Now we are hit further with the new Social and Municipal Aid Tax and can expect no returns from this source, unless somebody wakes up.

Protests have been sent to the Premier of British Columbia regarding the Social Security Tax. The matter is so straightforward and simple, but it has not secured straightforward and simple results.

Indians should not be required to pay one cent of tax

First Annual Capilano Day

By CHARLIE WILSON

I was assigned to cover this event as Indians were taking a considerable part. I thought to get an early start so called on Mrs. Ruth Smith at ten as planned, but it was 10:45 before we left. Women!

We weren't quite sure where Capilano Park was, and waited at the bus stop for an hour, little realizing the Capilano Bus would take us directly there. Three had passed by and so we waited. The day was hot and we waited another hour for the next bus and it was 12:45 before we arrived.

However, the beauty of Capilano Park and colourful display of the Indian tepee, pretty girls in native costume, etc., soon put me back in good humour. Maybe the hot dog and coke had something to do with it, too.

We met Simon Baker and Mrs. Molly John who were in charge of the sales stand where sweaters, trinket jewellery, beaded belts and baskets were sold. There were tumpets made by Swathchalya on sale also.

Chief Joe Mathias was in charge of the happenings in the afternoon when Commission Sowden was to be given the name of "Lion's Gate" by the well-known Chief. We were not fortunate enough to see Chief Mathias as he was away having chicken dinner, and though we waited (it seemed a long time) he didn't come back before we left.

Isaac Jacobs, very handsome in his costume, was to do a dance with Alec Peters doing the "vocals."

A few days before the North Vancouver Indians entered a float in the parade which copped second prize. The float was in the form of a tepee canoe and six girls in colourful array sat around and were decorative. The girls were Lillian Joe, Carol Newman, Lorraine Jacobs, Lois Jacobs, Noreen Joseph and Delores Baker. The float drew many comments and this is the first the Indians have entered.

We met many friends—Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jacobs and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jacobs and many others.

We dashed back to Vancouver to see Richard Morgan enter the mile race at Brockton Point. There we "happened" upon Mrs. Maisie Armytage Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Peter Kelly, Ed Nahahey, John Ferry and his children, and Mr. and Mrs. Arneil. A few rooters from the Alberni Res. School were

Editor Honored

The Editor of the Native Voice is greatly honored by having been made an Honorary Life Member of the Indian Association of America, Inc. This organization is now 25 years old as an incorporated body and have as their objects: Indianology, ethnology, history, art, culture, crafts, sports they publish "The Indian Speaking Leaf" which is a scientific educational Indian Journal. Dr. B. S. Hiuhushu, or Red Fox, who is well known throughout America heads the Executive Body of this organization. Their motto is: "In the Great Spirit We Trust."

A very attractive Certificate comes with such a membership also a given name. "Na-do-na Wild Flower, is the beautiful name bestowed upon Ruth Smith. An impressive gold seal is placed on one corner with the American Eagle beside it, and duly signed by the four leading members of the Executive Body.

The Native Voice realizes the honor of such a gesture.

IT'S THE WAY YOU SAY "I'M SORRY" THAT COUNTS

Two boys, their arms full of school books, were dashing down the aisle of the bus as it slowed for their stop. They stumbled over the foot of a passenger. One boy continued on, but the other turned back with a quick, "I'm sorry, sir, did I hurt you?" The man had frowned when the boy tripped, but now he smiled. "No, son, and if you had, your apology would make it all right."

Which of those boys is the popular one in his crowd? Which one is setting a pattern which will mean happiness and success now and later in life? You all know the answer to that.

It only takes a minute to say "I'm sorry," but it must have that ring which shows you really mean it. It isn't always easy to remember the little courtesies but you will find they pay big dividends in happiness and friendship now and mark you as a boy or girl who is headed for future success. NOW is your chance to learn to say "I'm sorry" and begin building a character trait which will always be an important asset to you.—Uncle Ben in The Vancouver Sun.

there including Judith Morgan, Dolly and Smitty Charles and June Wilson.

Boy, I was glad to get home that night. What it is to be a reporter

money until they are represented in Parliament; that is British justice, and British justice has not reigned supreme in Canada and never will until the original Canadians secure a decent deal from Canada—no taxation without representation.

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OUR MAIL BOX

Write to The VOICE any News of Interest in your District, etc.

Interesting People

The following letter is in answer to ours asking Mr. Evans give us some news about himself, as we thought our readers would be interested to know the author of Young Cedars Must Have Roots.

Roberts Creek, B.C.

Editor, The Native Voice:
Actually there is not very much to tell in answer to your query. I am getting on to 30 years ago that my wife taught in the old Coquitza school when I was superintendent of the Cultus Lake Salmon Hatchery. We got to know quite a few of the boys and girls at the school . . . they'd come out on holidays and weekends to our float houses. Several of them were Kitamaat kids and so when four years ago, our family grown up, I considered we still had a few kids left in us; and when Guy Williams told us the Kitamaat school had been closed for three and a half years for want of a teacher, we went in there for two and a half years.

We expect to start our second year in Kitseguekia on September 1. In both places my wife has been a school teacher which had closed want of teachers, and in both have been dispenser and first aid man. In Kitamaat I started the Kitamaat News-Letter, as a weekly, and it got such good results that I am hoping to be able to acquire another mimeograph and repeat the experiment at Kitseguekia.

You ask for information as to my interest in Indian people. Well, that's quite a large question, mostly I'd say it was because they are interesting people in themselves. In their personal activities and community life we consider they have qualities which might well be more prominent in they appear to be among the "natives." We've found them so harshly competitive . . . so predatory . . . and we have to see an old person who was asked off to languish unloved and unwanted in some old people's home. We have yet to know an unwanted, unloved child. Without civility, without the politeness they have proved themselves good neighbors," which is what have tried by deeds, not just words, to prove ourselves to be.

Without conforming unnaturally all their ways, and without expecting them to conform to ours, seem to have attained that harmony in many areas of living which results in a true unity, as opposed to that superficial uniformity which leaves its deadening touch on so much of white civilization.

Another point. We believe a people must have traditions. A people without them are an uprooted people, a confused people. That is the theme of the story I am publishing. As was said in my previous Maclean's story "The best of the new, KEEP the best of the old" does seem to be the best counsel.

My wife's long experience and

deep loyalty to the native people makes her believe (and me believe) that intellectually Indian children are the equal of white children, but that they will too often have to take the Joe jobs until they are thoroughly at home in the English language. Through your columns I hope you will stress this.

HUBERT EVANS.

MUCH TO OFFER

Blaine, Washington.

Dear Native Voice:

THIS IS A letter I have intended to write ever since I first read your paper. The first one I read was the one I obtained from the young lady to whom I gave my subscription in your booth at the fair in Vancouver last August.

It is a very interesting, well written paper.

I am proud and happy that you Indian people are making this effort in your own behalf.

YOUR EFFORTS should go far in preserving your arts, crafts and your race.

As a race you have much to offer the human scheme of things and this belief in yourselves, as evidenced in your paper, will go far to convince people of other races with whom you come in contact.

I realize yours is a terrific uphill climb. Any minority group always encounters innumerable obstacles, many of which are very bitter; bitter to the point where, I imagine, you often wonder it is worth the effort.

Slowly, and I am ashamed to say, still too often reluctantly, my people (my people) are realizing their shameful treatment of your people.

BUT AT LEAST in more instances than heretofore, there is a broader view and a more compassionate feeling.

I very earnestly hope that my people awaken soon to the realization to what you have to offer before they have completely smothered out all the lovely and beautiful things in your race and made you into unhappy copies of ours.

Surely, my race has many good things which could help you, but yours has much to be desired too. I feel that you should be allowed the right to live your lives as you wish, taking from other races the things you want and need, and keeping those of yours which you think worth keeping.

You Indian people have an enviable inheritance. I am of the opinion that if you can get your people organized and working in harmony, the world will recognize you for the wonderful people you are.

THIS REALLY turned out to be a much longer letter than I had intended. But when I get on the subject of the Indian people, time and space cease to exist.

I have truly enjoyed your paper. I have learned a great deal from it, also.

I wish you much success in all your efforts.

I have filed my copies of Native Voice with my books on Indians.

Sincerely, your friend,

MURIEL D. KARLSON.

Back Gen. Pearkes

Cowichan Stn. P.O., B.C.

Editor, Native Voice:

MAJ.-GEN. G. R. Pearkes, V.C., M.P., should be given support in his fight for better housing for the Native brethren of Canada. I am sure the general is sincere in his appeal and that he has the interest of all his constituents at heart whether they have the vote or not. Let us give the general our help.

"The Indians near Duncan are living in hovels and the tourists see them in passing." The disgrace is that the Indians are in hovels, not that the tourists can see the hovels. Tourists can see hovels in every country in the world, including Great Britain. When we took the Cowichan Valley from the Cowichans we took the timber also and thereby left them no building material.

I remember as a boy that the Indian homes at Duncan had an artistic look and a fresh new split cedar appearance and were equal to many of the "Quintern" homes of the district.

OF THE BILLIONS of feet of timber which have been exported from the Cowichan Valley, had a few coppers per thousand been set aside for the purpose of building new homes for the Indians near Duncan, none of them would be living in hovels today.

I am of the opinion that the Cowichans have a right to a royalty on this timber as they were more or less hoodwinked out of their possessions, not knowing the real value of the land or timber at the time of the agreement (if any).

IT IS NOT too late to make amends and change our iniquitous policy of the past to one more in keeping with Christian ethics and justice. MAGNUS COLVIN.

TRAGEDY AT VASHON

Vashon, Wash.

Editor, Native Voice:

ON JUNE 19th, 9 p.m., fate took the life of Joseph McGee, a member of Bonaparte Indian Reserve of Ashcroft. He was killed instantly after being struck by a speeding car, half a mile south of Vashon. Mr. McGee was in his middle fifties, and employed by the Vashon Island Packing Company as truck driver and had been there for some time.

There have been a number of other accidents in previous years which took the lives of Indians in Vashon and Bainbridge Island. Those involved as drivers in these highway accidents were all juveniles it seems, between the ages of 16 and 20, and so far no convictions have been served. It is always just a drunken Indian in the young white man's right-of-way—a routine questioning, then all is forgotten. In the case of McGee, the man was absolutely free of any intoxicant when struck.

THERE HAVE BEEN times when young punks, as they call them around here, have swerved off the pavement just to see our people scurrying for safety.

In 1942, July 4th, a bullet fired from the gun of a Filipino took the life of an Indian from Victoria, B.C.

In June of 1943, an Indian from Boston Bar was the victim in a dance hall brawl on Vashon Island.

IN 1946, AN Indian from Lillooet miraculously escaped death when struck by a speeding car in Seattle. In this case, the man lost his car

permanently, and paid hospital bills amounting to hundreds of dollars and the victim was paid \$20 for each day he spent in the hospital.

A Subscriber

L. DOSS.

Reads to Understand

32 Osborne Rd.,
Tweedmouth,
Berwick on Tweed,
England.

Editor, Native Voice:

Thank you for the Native Voice and I have read with great interest April's edition, which is full of news. After reading them each month I am now beginning to understand your problems. I wish I could be with you and help your people. There appears so much to be done. The question of education is a very serious matter. It grieves me to think that your forefather's gave up this land to the settlers in the past. You have struggled on for all those years. And when the world is trying to bring education up to a certain standard, your young people can't be admitted to schools!

Not one of us is any better in God's sight, so why should your people be treated so.

The young people must help themselves too. They must get together to form groups and together they will do some good. If you make yourselves heard, your government will listen. If you can get interest working amongst the young now, they won't ever let the matter slide. They will know at the bottom of their hearts they have a right to education.

Why the present Canadian treats your people so, I can't think; they are a very mixed people. All countries settlers are there.

Your article, "The Stone Wall," was of great interest. My heart aches when I read such.

This is a cause well worth fighting. I appeal to all Indians in Canada to get together now; why waste any more time.

I shall be interested always in your news. Soon I hope something will be done. Godspeed,

FRANCES LONGBONE

(Your English Friend).

High Opinion and Interest

Brantford, Ont.

Editor, Native Voice:

The article about your work which was presented in the June 5 issue of Saturday Night of Toronto interested me very much indeed.

For over five years I have had a Mohawk Indian girl as draughtsman under my supervision. She has been such an outstandingly fine girl that it has given me a very high opinion of Indians and an interest in furthering any constructive work among them.

Would you please send me subscription rates, and wishing you every increasing success in your work.

M. HELEN STRAITH.

Saw Copy by Accident

Alma College,
Alma, Calif.

Editor, Native Voice:

Enclosed please find my subscription to your paper. I saw a copy by accident while visiting the Coeur d'Alene Reservation.

Thank you, and keep up the good work.

REV. JOHN J. BROWN, S.J.

The Maori People

(Continued from Page 1)

and the Chieftainess Tapuke. Physically and mentally he represented the highest type of New Zealander, blending in himself the best qualities of both races.

HE CONCLUDED his long Parliamentary career in the Legislative Council. "Tini Kara," as he was affectionately known, was for a time acting Prime Minister of New Zealand. He entertained Royalties, doing the honors of his race and country to innumerable distinguished guests with dignity and courtesy. At college and university, young Maoris command the highest respect whilst in the field of sport, a very important medium in New Zealand, they are often outstanding athletes. Our national game, and almost our religion, is rugby football, and it is seldom that a selected All-New Zealand team does not include several clever exponents from the Maori race. Sent overseas with touring teams they have established excellent reputations as sportsmen and gentlemen.

Maori Weaver at Work



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ALASKA NEWS:

SUCCESS STORY OF BOB PERATROVICH

By PAUL CHIEF COOKE

R. J. Peratrovich, Sr., was elected Mayor of Klawock in the recent election. Councilmen are Samson Nickerson, Donald Roberts, Richard Carl.

Mr. Peratrovich has again taken office as Mayor of Klawock after 17 years. The last time he was Mayor was in 1931.

Mr. Peratrovich is a Thlinget of the Wolf or Eagle tribe, and was born in the year 1887 at Klawock. Today Bob, as he is affectionately known, is one of the Alaska Native successful Indians. He first started business at Klawock by selling apples and other fruits, which he took by canoe from fishing camp to another camp.

HE BUILT HIS first store in 1906 at Klawock. In 1913 he soon added a show hall. At that time, Klawock was a kerosene lamp-lit and board-walk town. Nothing was official unless the occasion was announced by a town bell, so Bob employed a town movie crier like the days of old when a town crier rang a bell and walked down the street telling the news of the day. Bob equipped a string of boys with a hand bell each who went about ringing these and shouting "Picture show tonight!" William S. Hart in such shows as "Wolves of the Trail," etc., etc., was then the favorite in silent shows. Thus Mr. Peratrovich built the first theatre at Klawock.

As his grocery and other general merchandise business grew, Bob built another and larger store. A further business Mr. Peratrovich started in 1918 as an experiment was a fish hand-pack cannery. This venture proved so successful he built a standard size two-line cannery in 1922.

He soon bought large seine boats which he referred to as cannery boats. In later years he named his cannery "Bayview Packing Company." In this cannery he employed local help. Fishermen from other Indian communities wanted to fish for him each summer, so he soon had the local carpenters build large seine boats or seine skiffs without engines.

THESE SKIFFS were tied alongside troller type powered boats. The large seine skiffs of 5,000 fish capacity are popularly known as "side rigs." Alaska still uses this type of seiner.

Mr. Peratrovich had to have seines for these skiffs, and he got them but it ran into thousands of dollars.

He put several irons in the fire and everything he did proved a success.

In 1919 Bob saw the need for

SIR PETER BUCK OFFERS REVIEW

We promised a personal message from Sir Peter H. Buck for this issue, and we have received a very nice letter saying he would like, after this series is completed, to write a short article reviewing them from the Maori point of view and add such other thoughts as may arise concerning the similar struggle that our two peoples have been waging towards taking their proper places in their respective countries.

We are looking forward to Dr. Buck's views, and consider this a scoop.

lights in Klawock. He constructed a city light power plant which proved successful. The streets were lighted with electric homes also changed to electric.

MR. PERATROVICH was elected as town mayor in 1922, continuously served in that city until 1932, when his nephew Mr. Frank Peratrovich, was elected Mayor. Frank, incidentally, is of our territorial of Alaska Senators today.

When Bob Peratrovich, Sr., came Mayor, he steadily improved the town of Klawock in many ways... wider streets, athletic field, and a town athletic hall among his accomplishments.

He also piped water for the town. He ordered water pipe enough to cover four miles. When he arrived he did not employ the men free of pay, but paid his by the hour. The water was piped into town from a dam constructed below a hill about four miles from town. Thus Klawock tapped its water into homes and the large water pump came into being.

IN THE YEAR 1943 a fire destroyed Bob's theatre and store damage amounting to \$58,000. The very next year, he built a larger store and a modern equipped movie machinery theatre of seat capacity.

Frank Peratrovich, when he came Mayor, soon had Klawock into an incorporated city of first class. Thus Klawock became the first of all Indian towns incorporated town. But that is another story.

Now after 17 years absence from the Mayor's chair, Bob is again elected Mayor.

IT WOULD BE utter lack of respect if Bob's story came to a close without mentioning his beloved wife, Mrs. Anna Peratrovich, who inspired Bob to all these successes. Mrs. Peratrovich passed on in year 1927.

Klawock mourned her death, undoubtedly Bob will accomplish some more things, perhaps in memory of his beloved wife, spur him on to finish his term successfully as Mayor of Klawock the year of 1948.

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CANNERS OF SALMON

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Art and Crafts

Ka-Kwi-Ra-Hes... Mary Cole of Oka

By PHOEBE E. MacKELLAR

Ka-kwi-ra-hes, Mary Cole in everyday life, is a vital person. She possesses more mental and physical energy for her sixty-odd years than one is apt to find in her race, or any other for that matter. She is proud, as she should be, of her Mohawk lineage and the part they have played in the one-time invincible Iroquois Confederacy.

Her classical Mohawk name translated means "Shaking Branches." This, with the Indian names of her family and tribal records, are in the safe keeping of Sulpicians in Oka, Que., the reserve where she was born and spent most of her life. Mary was one of the daughters born into the Martin family of that reserve, and is proud of her Brantford connections which include Brigadier Martin. She is proud, too, to share her Mohawk blood with Joseph and Pauline Johnson.

At the age of 11 Mary Martin entered grade school in Oka for the French Methodist Institute, a residential school in Montreal, where for four years she studied English, French and Latin. Two years after graduation she was offered a position as teacher in Gibson Reserve School in Muskoka, Ont. Although this was after the death of her father, Mr. Martin was a strong upholder of parental authority and would not allow his daughter to follow her chosen career.

BUT KA-KWI-RA-HES' life was not to be wasted. Ta-yo-ra-ga-ron, Chief Great Horn (Mitchel Cole), a Mohawk from another parish, heard of this intelligent young woman and came to Oka with the purpose of wooing her for his wife. Our maiden was obstinate at first, but Chief Great Horn, a true brave, was not to be deterred. After nine years of courtship Shaking Branches became his wife. She bore him two sons and two daughters. Mitchel and Mary were both of the Bear Clan. According to Mohawk traditions members of the same clan should not marry, but should choose mates from one of the other two clans, Turtle or Wolf, the children inheriting through the female line. This may have accounted for the unusually long courtship. Mary Cole and her husband, a chief by tribal right, took great

interest in their people, customs and history. They attended Six Nations Conferences in this country and what was once the Iroquois Empire State across the border. Mrs. Cole is a great admirer of Dr. W. D. Lighthall, to whom this group owe their reorganization in recent years, and knowledge of history and ancient government. She says it is to her husband that Dr. Lighthall owes his Indian name of Tion-ken-ta-ro-khen, when he was made an honorary chief in 1909.

ON CHIEF GREAT HORN'S death in 1942, Shaking Branches, in her hereditary office of Condonance Mother, named her brother Martin Chief of the Bear Clan of Ka-na-sa-take, the original name of Oka. But as Secretary-Treasurer of the reorganized Six Nations, Mary Cole was still active in public affairs. She tells how in this capacity, in 1927, she attended the fourteen day trial of Mrs. Orin J. Kellogg in Montreal. Mrs. Kellogg, the wife of an Indian Affairs official of Washington, D.C., was tried for "conspiracy, fraud and misuse of Indian funds." Mrs. Cole defended the accused, who was found "not guilty."

After her husband's death, Mrs. Cole and the Turtle Clan Chief from Oka were called to the Senate Chamber in Ottawa to discuss land problems and recite the history of the Six Nations. On this occasion she had the honor of sitting in the chair occupied by Queen Elizabeth during the royal visit, and was named "Princess" Ka-kwi-ra-hes.

The future of Mrs. Cole, like other grandmothers, is in the hands of her grandchildren. As long as grass grows and water flows she hopes her descendants will honor and respect their ancient language and traditions, and be a credit to modern Canadian society as well.

Craft Workers Autumn School

Josephine Godman, 315 Armit Rd., Victoria, Hon. Secretary of Native Craft, would be interested to hear from any worker who would like to join a school to be held in October for five days, in Victoria.

The proposed program includes teaching of—rug making (3 varieties); Indian designs from Provincial Museum; saleable articles and pricing; spinning and preparation of wool; dyeing; co-operative buying for craft workers.

These would be some of the subjects and any suggestion would be welcome. Hospitality for the five nights would be provided free; the only expense would be transport and food.

Application would have to be made by September 1, to the Secretary. The school would be run under the B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. A Study of History. Abridgement by D. C. Somervell, p. 36.

When we Westerners call people "natives" we implicitly take the cultural color out of our perception of them. We see them as wild animals infesting the country in which we happen to come across them, as part of the local flora and fauna and not as men of like passions with ourselves. So long as we think of them as "natives" we may exterminate them or, as is

B.C. Indian Carving Makes Hit in Detroit Gallery

By GEORGIE LANE

A British Columbia art item is causing something of a furore in a large American art gallery.

William A. Bostick, secretary of Detroit Institute of Arts, says an Indian wood carving from northern B.C. is making a hit in his gallery.

The Canadian Government gave a release for this carving to Detroit six months ago.

"We think we're lucky to have it," said Bostick at Hotel Georgia, "because it's not so easy to get such museum pieces out of Canada."

The Detroit gallery is one of the largest in the U.S.

Bostick says a Canadian curator tipped him off to possibilities of the carving—which is an Indian housefront and not a totem—and his institution got busy.

"Visitors to our museum are showing an increasing interest in all North American culture. They are all mugging up on Indian art." —Vancouver Sun.

more likely today, domesticate them (perhaps not altogether mistakenly) believe we are improving the breed, but we do not begin to understand them.

"We assume that there is only one river of civilization; our own."

1948 PACIFIC NATIONAL EXHIBITION

INDIAN DEPARTMENT
Entries close August 11. No Entry Fee.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Exhibits must reach the office of the Indian Agent, or the Office of the Pacific National Exhibition, Exhibition Park, Vancouver, B.C., in sufficient time to allow for setting up in readiness for the opening of the exhibition at 10:00 a.m., on Wednesday, August 25.

1. The decision of the judge shall be final. If exhibits are considered by the judge to be of insufficient merit, no award shall be made.

2. Exhibits must have been made within the past two years.

3. Facilities for selling articles will be given. Exhibits for sale should be marked with tag showing price, which will enable the Exhibition to co-operate in sales. Where exhibits are in charge of representatives from schools or agencies entering, these representatives may make their own sale, subject to rendering reports of same to the Exhibition.

4. Each exhibit from schools will require to be shown on a space 20 by 10 feet.

5. Space for non-competitive exhibits will be provided as far as possible on application.

Class	1st	2nd	3rd
1700 Exhibit from any Indian Residential School — to comprise: Educational, Arts and Crafts, Domestic Science, Manual Training (machine work and French polishing not permitted in competition in Manual Training)	\$37.00	\$25.00	\$10.00
1701 Individual Exhibits, decorated with Indian designs, from any Indian designs, from any Indian Residential School (exhibits must have been made during last school year).....	10.00	7.50	5.00
1702 Exhibit of Class work and Indian Arts and crafts from any Indian School (exhibits must be made during last school year)	25.00	18.00	12.00
1703 Individual Exhibit in Basketry (small baskets)	10.00	7.50	5.00
1704 Individual Exhibit in Basketry (large baskets)	10.00	7.50	5.00
1705 Individual Exhibits — Totems and carvings	10.00	7.50	5.00
1706 Individual Exhibit—Beadwork	5.00	3.00	2.00
1707 Individual Exhibit—Buckskin	5.00	3.00	2.00
1708 Individual Exhibit—Birchbark (small articles)	5.00	3.00	2.00
1709 Individual Exhibit—Birchbark	5.00	7.00	3.00
1710 Individual Exhibit—Sweaters	15.00	7.00	3.00
1711 Agency Exhibit	47.00	35.00	25.00

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YOUNG CEDARS

(Continued from Page 4)

"What you call all right?" he asked. Her placid acceptance of Mr. McLeod's decision nettled him. She looked away. "I guess you don't like me any more."

"Like you?" he protested, catching her hand. "Eunice, are you crazy? You know all—all the things we talk about. Our plans and all like that. But it can't be that way if we stick here. All along I should have known. Mr. McLeod, he's my friend. He made me see."

"But we belong to the village." "Belong to it! You can say that again. But here's one who's fed up with being held back, pushed around. Village chiefs and clan chiefs, everybody telling us what we can't do. They think they own us. White kids don't fall for that old stuff."

"Don't go," she coaxed. "I don't want you go. I want you stay."

"Eunice, have a heart! Talk sense," he pleaded.

DID SHE THINK, TOO, that he was going to shame himself and knuckle under? Couldn't she see that, after today, things had gone too far? He came around the counter, quickly, but she turned her face away.

"You're in this too. I'm thinking about you—about us. It had to come," he said. Then, hungry for her, fearing he had hurt her, he caught her by the shoulders and brought her close against him. "Please, Eunice, please." He stroked her smooth, black hair. "I thought you'd stick up for me," he chided.

Then her arms—so soft, so warm—were around his neck. "I love you Paul. You mustn't be ashamed you're an Indian."

His voice was sharp. "I'm not ashamed. It's only—"

"Sometimes I think you're ashamed. The people say you're ashamed."

THERE IT WAS AGAIN—the people. Always the people—interfering, twisting all you said and did and hoped into their mold of blind conformity to a past which long ago should have been discarded. But the warm compliance of her body sealed off his anger. He kissed her cheek, tried to find her mouth with his, and saw then she was crying.

"Don't, Eunice! Eunice, listen! There's nothing to cry about."

Like a terrified child she clung to him. "Oh, Paul! Paul!" Over and over, between her broken sobs, her lips caressed his name. But although their arms were tight around each other he had a terrifying feeling that she was no longer close to him. All of her was no longer within his grasp. Only the entreaty of her voice seemed real and near.

But I can't! I can't, he thought in anguish. For he knew, then, with stabbing certainty, that this thing, this unreasoning resistance

to change, had defeated him. He knew then that if he went he must go altogether alone, for even in her hopes she dare not follow him; knew that this girl he yearned for could never belong completely to him, that her life was inseparably woven into the rigid fabric of her people.

THE ISLANDS OFF the Skeena's mouth crouched dark against the sunset as the workboat chugged the last miles of its long run north to Prince Rupert. Hours before it had left camp, the Kildala people had learned why Mr. McLeod was going. But instead of worrying because they had thrown away steady jobs—as sensible white people would have done—it seemed to Paul they had grown lighthearted because the decision had been taken out of their hands. There was excitement, an air of release. Packing which had been done furtively, behind closed doors, had been completed openly last evening.

Like kids—dumb kids who can't see farther than their noses, Paul had told himself.

It was years since he had gone up river with his village for oolachan fishing, yet he could picture how it all would be: the long, high-prowed canoes lined up abreast across Old Village slough, then the head chief starting the race for the best sets with a rifle shot; the women screaming encouragement to their men and kids sprinting like mad along the cutbank to see which families won the favored places between the fast ripples. The stakes would be driven and the ten-fathom funnels of net left bulging in the current. That night on the shelflike bunks in the old shacks, people would lie around the centre fires and, to the drone of their ancestral river tales, old superstitions would troop back in the darkness, immediate and real.

AND EUNICE WOULD be there. Why don't they give her a chance, let her live her own life? he had demanded impotently a dozen times that day. Well, perhaps after all, what the teachers said was meant for ones like him. This bleak sense of separateness, of being cut off—was it not what every young leader had to overcome when he struck out to blaze new trails?

Perhaps I'll be the one. Perhaps . . . But it was like in that school play he had been in—he was only saying words. And the thing which was so real it hurt was the aloneness and the dread that he might never see Eunice any more.

He felt surer of himself when they cleared the final point and he could see the lights of Rupert harbor coming on.

The floats at Cow Bay were lined with gasboats and after they had tied up and Mr. McLeod had hurried off uptown, Paul cooked supper. This was his first time in

Rupert since he was a little fellow and after he'd washed up and changed his clothes he thought he might go up and take in a show. First thing in the morning they were to go and see that sawmill man about the job.

He was standing in the wheelhouse doorway, sizing up the nearby boats beneath the floodlights, when three people came along the float. Like most of the people he had seen around the floats these were Indians, too—a girl and two men. One of them unlocked the cabin of the gasboat directly opposite. They went inside and the light came on.

PRETTY SOON THE GIRL came out. She wore a mustard-yellow coat with a fur collar and she leaned against the back of the cabin and lit a cigarette. Paul could hear the men talking pretty loud inside. The girl hummed a tune and then looked across and smiled.

"Like spring tonight," she said. Then she asked him what village was he from? And when he told her she said that was a long way to come and too bad because the town was pretty dead right now. Paul couldn't think of anything to say, so he got his new windbreaker and gave his hair a comb and went across. The girl motioned him to go in first, but as soon as he saw what the men were like he wished he hadn't come. Only by then the girl was on the step behind him. She slid the door shut and made him sit down beside her on the locker next the engine.

The men wore sporty clothes, but sort of mused-looking, and the cabin was untidy and dirty. The younger man uncapped a bottle and held it out to him. Paul thought at first it was Coke or something but when he saw it wasn't he took the bottle and set it on the locker beside him.

The girl giggled and leaned against him. All of them had been drinking. "I bet you never had a drink of beer before," she teased. "It's all right, kid. We got permits."

THE OLDER MAN scowled. "You bet we got permits." He said something in an Indian language Paul did not know. The three of them were watching him. "Fresh off the reservation, huh?" the man asked.

"Something like that," Paul tried to laugh it off but he felt uneasy.

"Well, we got the franchise. We're the same as whites. Buy all the booze we like," and his tone asked if Paul wanted to make something of it.

"Aw, leave the kid alone," the girl said. "You're all right, ain't you, kid?" Her hair was frizzy and dead-looking and her mouth was daubed with lipstick. She put her arm around him and, reaching past him for the bottle, tried to draw his head down onto her breast and put the bottle to his lips. "It's all right, kid."

Paul felt rattled and ashamed as he jerked away. "I just remembered," he mumbled. "I got to go." Crowding past her he reached the door. "The punk!" he heard one of the men sneer as he scrambled out.

As soon as he had snapped the padlock on the wheelhouse, he headed up the float. He wanted to run, for something inside him made him feel sick. He wanted to get away from here.

AT THE HEAD of the ramp an Indian father and mother with two little boys were getting out of a taxi. They looked like good people and he wished they would speak to him, invite him to their boat. But he walked past them.

It had started to drizzle, but

warm and springlike and the weather was light, as if soon there would be a moon. He went up the taxi had taken. An Indian about the build of Uncle Eli came down and he had an Indian woman by the arm.

As Paul passed them under street light he saw her cheek cut and smeared with blood, her hair was hanging down, the man kept walking her and when she staggered and swore him and tried to pull away he not speak. His face was set, he walked with his shoulders as if nothing was wrong. Paul ashamed for him and pretended didn't see them.

PAUL WALKED FASTER, terrible mixed-up feeling filled him and he had to hold himself to from running. He must make self think of the Indian people weren't like that—not like the three in the boat and the others must think only of the great on this coast—the teachers, misters and writers. And back somewhere weren't there even dian doctors, lawyers, nurses?

Why didn't he look only at decent, well-dressed native people passing him, going into the places or to the picture show? Did he see only the Indians lost in the juke-box joints, the eyed men in doorways, the dressed, tittering girls pointing out gaudy stuff in some store down which only a native would for?

And somewhere farther on would be the white part of town, contained and knowing what wanted. And out there—the direction—under the soft spring night, strong old villages and good clean sea. Between the this sordid tide flat with its humdrift—the weak and rootless caught between the world they deserted and that other world which only the most daring resolute of his race could make their own.

A DREAD OR separateness swayed over him like a churning, overwhelming wave. I can't stand straight. I'm all mixed up, he said to himself. It was as if two cruel arms were pulling at him, tearing him in half.

Then, not knowing how he there, he found himself alone, a park laid out below a rocky hill.

Get hold of yourself boy. Get hold of yourself. All this is crazy. You know you can't go back. Nothing to be so scared of. Mr. McLeod is your friend and he knows. Maybe you too could get to be a leader . . . Eunice, I hurt you. I didn't want to hurt you. I was going to help you.

He clenched his teeth on the back of his hand to hold in his sob. Eunice . . . I can't stand any more to be alone . . . He flung himself down on the wet grass and let the sobs come. For something inside him, deep and old and sure—so sure—told him that in the morning he must go back home.

When he sat up, the moon was a silver ghost above the curtain of the mist and against it three of the totem poles on the little rocky hill towered black in the unrelieved light. Like that picture, he thought. Like it was on Calvary, and wondered why it should be so.

But after a while he could feel the defeats and the worst of the hurt going and something strengthening and full of life, like sap the roots send up, was flowing into him once more.

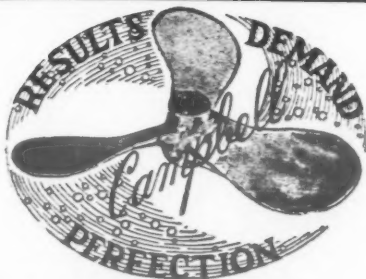
The Kildala people were his people, no matter what. And Eunice safe and warm, was in his arm again.

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NEWS FROM ALBERTA

'Buck,' 'Squaw' No Longer Used At Calgary Stampede

Another Calgary Stampede is over and weary Indians are selling back to the reserves. As usual, the Indians, in colorful buckskin and feathers, were the best feature of the opening parade, and of the three street parades. This year they received

the better payment for their services but the amount is still far below the value of their contribution to the show. Some day the "shots" of the Stampede management may waken up to the part played by the Indians.

They were pleased to see that David Crowchild's protest against the use of such terms as "buck" and "squaw" brought more courteous allusions to the announcers. Many of us sick and tired of this sort of thing. Thanks, Chief, and others also protested.

BANFF INDIAN Days is the next celebration for the summer, July 1st, and then it is off to the field.

CHIEF CROWCHILD and J. R. visited Saddle Lake Reserve en route to the General Meeting. A short meeting at Saddle Lake and an informal meeting with the Goodfish Lakers at Saddle Lake aroused some interest.

IS EXPECTED that President Callihoo, Treasurer Sam Minde, Secretary Laurie will visit the Peace River area and hold meetings at Jossard and Sturgeon.

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expressed their appreciation of the work of G. H. Gooderham, Supervisor of Alberta Reserves, and of Dr. Stone and his colleagues at the Charles Cammell Indian hospital.

OTHER RESOLUTIONS to be presented to the proper authorities advocated an increase over the anticipated \$8 monthly pension, replacing the present ration issued in northern regions in lieu of Family Allowance grants, the reinstatement of certain expelled persons from certain bands and greater freedom in farm management.

UNANIMOUS opposition was expressed to any form of voting at federal, provincial or municipal elections and to any enforced and arbitrary survey and subdivision of reserves.

MR. CALLIHOO was returned to office by acclamation as were Treasurer Sam Minde, Vice-Presidents Bob Crow Eagle and Joe Rabbitt. Organizers will be Harry Janvier for the North and Tom Kaquitts for the South. John Laurie was elected Secretary and Edward Hunter as assistant. A representative council of directors was chosen.

ON INVITATION of Vice-President Crow Eagle, the next General Meeting will convene at the Peigan Reserve in southern Alberta, in 1949.

A LIST of directors will follow in next month's news.

JOHN LAURIE addressed the Kiwanis Club of Calgary, July 12.

CHIEF FRANK Cardinal, Sucker Creek Reserve, Enilda, Alta., with Misses Florence and Angeline and Charlie Cardinal, visited Calgary Stampede and also Banff recently. The Chief who never loses a chance to look after the interests of his Band, also brought several matters into the office.

HARRY DODGINGHORSE, of Sarcee, won the Boys' Steer Riding Championship at the Calgary Stampede. Other successful contestants who are members of the I.A.A. were Fred Gladstone, Bloods; Jimmy Dodginhorse, Sarcee.

JOHN CALLIHOO is to be congratulated on being elected President of the I.A.A. by acclamation for the ninth consecutive term.

JOHN LAURIE,
Secretary, I.A.A.

DAVID JACK of Harrison Springs visited the Brotherhood Office and paid fees to the organization for 1948 in appreciation for the services rendered while on compensation. David realized the importance of being organized and the use of the office facilities for the business regarding compensation. It might also be mentioned that David suffered severe eye injuries and a complete settlement is necessary. However he is now back at work at Harrison Lake in the logging industry.

RICHARD PLACES THIRD

Richard Morgan, the lad from Kitwanga, entered the Olympic Trials on July 1st held in Vancouver, B.C., to compete in the mile race. Richard came third and received a medal. There were many well-wishers who came especially to see him run.

Richard would like to stay in or near Vancouver to train the year round and practise on the regular track with spike shoes. Both these features were quite a novelty to Richard. He feels, as do many others, that with constant and regular training he could give more serious competition for first place. We are all with you, Richard.

Judith was in Vancouver to see her brother run and they both were happy to be reunited after two years.

CORRECTION

In the June issue of the Native Voice, Alice Ravenhill was said to receive the Fellowship of the Royal Society degree. This information is inaccurate. The degree bestowed was Doctor of Science, and it becomes customary to address the Founder of the B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society as Dr. Alice Ravenhill.

APPRECIATION

The Native Brotherhood wishes to say a hearty thank you to J. E. Bennet who presented the office with an attractive Notice Board. Mr. Bennet is from the Broadway Printers and made the Notice Board himself. It is beautifully finished, adding a note of colour to the office.

MR. AND MRS. John Ferry of Campbell River called at the Brotherhood office on official business. They were accompanied by their two children and spent considerable time in taking in the town.

Mr. Ferry has spent most of his life in the fishing industry and is considered one of the leading captains of the seining fleet. Plan of retirement was considered but the urge to accomplish more important deeds overcame the life of ease. Captain plans to organize the Campbell River Native population in line with the rest of the Natives in becoming members of the Native Brotherhood of B.C.

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BROTHERHOOD AND SISTERHOOD NEWS

Anahim Lake Profits Through Brotherhood

By ED NAHANEY

Attending the Bella Coola Convention of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. during the month of December, 1947, were four of the Tribesmen of the Chilcotin country from one of the villages of Anahim Lake. The purpose of this trip was to find ways and means to further the progress of their people and to seek assistance from the Brotherhood. This trip was made on horseback, the only means of access to this interior Reserve of the Ulkatcho Band.

Having satisfied themselves that the Brotherhood could do a great deal toward their advancement and to obtain schools and other assistance regarding their livelihood, it was then that the decision was made to organize their District as the Central Interior district of the Cariboo. Many small meetings were held and the proposal put to the people of becoming members of the Native Brotherhood of B.C.

The success and the desire of these Natives to become acquainted with the outside world resulted in the unanimous decision to become Brotherhood members.

RECORDS AT THE NATIVE Brotherhood office at Vancouver now reveal that Anahim Lake Branch has: President, Mr. Andrew Cahoose; Secretary, Thomas Squinas; and Chief Councillors, Mr. Ulkatcho, Johnny and George Cahoose. Other members are: James Jack, Oggie Capoose, Thimathy Sells, Joe Cahoose, Frank Sells, Lassies West, Baptiste Alkine, Joe Sills, Pat Sills, Jattrick Jack, Mack Squinas, Jack John, Handy Jack, Andrew Squinas, Mishall Cahoose, Tommy Cahoose, Sam Sulin, Jimmy Sulin, Peter Cahoose, Mack Cahoose and Peter Alexie.

The Anahim Lake Sisterhood have not yet nominated their officers, but plans are in progress in the very near future. However, their membership consists of Mrs. Thomas Squinas, Mrs. Frank Sells, Mrs. James Jack, Mrs. Lassies West, Mrs. Joe Cahoose, Mrs. Thimathy Sells, Mrs. Oggie Capoose, Mrs. Baptiste Alkine, Miss Teresa Cosimer, Miss Minnie Cosimer, Mrs. George Cahoose, Mrs. Andrew Cahoose, Miss Ella Cahoose, Mrs. Emma Jack, Mrs. Justin Squinas, Mrs. Ulkatcho Johnny, Mrs. Nellie Sulin, Mrs. Mary Jack, Mrs. Aggie Sill, Miss Minnie Jack and Melenie Jimmy.

Today this new branch of the Brotherhood can boast of a new school since the beginning of the year at Upper Dean River. This is a one-roomed schoolroom and it is with great pleasure that we announce that a very efficient teacher has been selected in the person of Mrs. D'Arcy. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy have a ranch in the neighborhood of the school. The pioneer spirit of these people who plan to educate the children of this district deserves a lot of credit.

ANOTHER SCHOOL will soon be put in operation at Anahim Flats and this will help to accommodate those that live on the other end of the district. Thus the progress of this isolated district will soon be taken care of.

Mr. Pruden, Indian Agent of the Bella Coola Agency, was in Vancouver on official business with the Indian Commissioner, and it was

my good fortune to contact him in regard to the future policy of the Anahim Reserve.

Mr. Pruden related the difficulty of administering aid to these people as access to this remote territory can only be made on horseback and very often the trip requires three or four days. Furthermore, the visits while in that district to different groups must be also made by continuous riding. However, Mr. Pruden informs me that horseback riding is not strange to him and that he would gladly ride through mountain trails and never-ending forests to render aid and assistance to the people of the Chilcotin.

The Indian Department is making rapid strides in opening this country and plans to send an agricultural expert to further the farming needs of the Native and a more settled life.

THE NATIVES HAVE plans and soon will make proposals to the Indian Commissioner for B.C. for farming implements and such articles as are needed for modern farming.

Our Native Voice readers would do well in contacting these people by mail or sending reading material such as agricultural news or something pertaining to ranch life. Address mail to Mr. Thomas Squinas, Anahim Lake, B.C.

Cannery Workers Organize

The Cannery Workers of the Queen Charlotte Islands Ltd. have organized themselves again for the year 1948 and have added their list to the ever-swelling membership of the Native Sisterhood of B.C.

The Queen Charlotte Cannery Ltd. operate their cannery at Massett, B.C., on Queen Charlotte Island and specialize in the canning of crabs, clams and shrimp. This cannery is known for the canning of the famous razor clam, noted for its diving antics in the sands, and is very difficult for anyone inexperienced to catch or hold.

It might also be mentioned that Mrs. Winnie Yeltatzie, treasurer of the Native Sisterhood Branch of Massett, suffered the loss of her home and all furnishing by fire, while at Prince Rupert, B.C.

Following is the list of the Sisterhood members of Massett: Army Abrahams, Irene B. Bell, Josie Bell, Mamie Bell, Ruth Bell, Audrey Brown, Ella Brown, Ruth Brown, Dora Brooks, Mamie Collison, Adelia Davidson, Myrtle Davidson, Primrose Davidson, Amanda Edgars, Dorothy Edgars, Margaret Edgars, Minnie Edgars, Mabel Edwards, Lucy Frank, Madeline Jones, Maria Jones, Kate Mathews, Charlotte Marks, Alice Parnell, Edith Parnell, Vina Parnell, Flora Russ, Lucy Russ, Eliza Samuels, Myrtle Smith, Isabel Smith, Cecelia Simeon, Clara Simeon, Martha Simeon, Mary Simeon, Mae Swanson, Emily

Little Damage In Glen Vowell

By JONATHAN BROWN

The flood this time did little damage to Glen Vowell, but overflow in 1936 did considerable damage; 181 acres of hay and 10 acres of garden were under water. This year only 20 acres were covered.

On May 24 the river started rise very steadily and Mr. J. Boys, Superintendent of the B.C. Agency, sent a telephone message to Glen Vowell to move out immediately to the highway and cure help from Love Ranch.

Mr. Ray Woollam of Kispiox. Everyone packed belongings. Soon trucks arrived and our people were moved to safety. Plenty volunteer help was available in the high water; all the women and children joined for Business was almost at a standstill for a week. The water was in the Kispiox Valley Highway for week at four-mile bridge.

On May 29 we all could move back in the village.

Herbert Ridley, Hartley Bay, re-built his packer "Sidney" and is packing for the British Columbia Packers Ltd. We were sorry to learn that his brother Ed. Ridley, was in the Prince Rupert Hospital.

Swanson, Betty Thompson, Catherine Weir, Mona Weir, Daisy Williams, June Williams, Mary Williams, Maggie Wiat, Agnes Yeltatzie, Janet Yeltatzie.

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Indians and Vote

(Continued from Page 2)

another session, so that it could be given careful consideration. Mr. CHURCH: I have not had an opportunity of going over this bill, but I wish to express my views on the principle of the disqualification clause. I am in favour of allowing the Indians to vote, because they should be citizens. I refer to those who did not serve in the first and second wars. Citizenship should be made available to them.

Mr. CHURCH: I should like to refer to a matter which I voted for before, namely, subsection 1, paragraph 1, which refers to those in charitable institutions. I think it is a very small piece of business for the parliament to adopt the law of the provinces which debar from voting those old people in charitable institutions. They have borne the heat of the day, and many of them have voted all their lives. I am in favour of extending this provision, notwithstanding the provision in some of the other provincial acts.

Mr. CHARLTON: I should like to say a few words in support of this amendment. I have the pleasure of representing the largest Indian reserve in the Dominion of Canada, and am also a member of the Indian Act committee. In view of the minister's remarks, surely we can accept the recommendation of the Indian Act committee, which has been meeting now for the past three years, without sending this amendment back to the elections act committee. I would be very sorry if that were done. The Indians were the first citizens of this country.

Mr. SINCLAIR: Citizens? Aborigines.

Mr. CHARLTON: Surely it is true that these people were allowed the privilege of voting if they wish. I realize that many Indians do not wish to vote. Why is that? Because they are fearful that, by doing so, they will lose part of their rights and privileges. That is not true. Indians are a very proud people. They do not want to lose their identity as Indians. If we pass this amendment now we shall not be forcing them to vote. We shall simply be giving them an opportunity to vote if they wish. I think it would be poor judgment on the part of this committee not to pass this amendment.

Mr. SINCLAIR: I should like to say one or two words on this amendment. To me it is a surprising amendment. I was a member of the elections act committee. At no time was there a suggestion before our committee that the Indian should get the vote. In my own riding I have over forty Indian reserves. The Indian question is very much to the fore. To me, and I think to the leaders of the Indian groups in my riding to the leaders of the Indian groups in my riding, the solution of the Indian problem of Canada is to get the Indians away from being wards of the government and living on reserves, to the ordinary everyday rights of Canadian citizens living in cities, municipalities and districts, paying normal taxes and voting as Canadians. Therefore I cannot see how Indians who still want to maintain their treaty rights as wards of the state living on reserves away from the great influence of Canadian life can expect at the same time to be able to vote as Canadian citizens in dominion elections.

I confess that for the first time since I have been in the House of Commons I am at odds with my very good friend—we use that word

very loosely around the House of Commons—the hon. member for Comox-Alberni. With all due deference, for example, to the hon. member for Davenport I doubt whether there is a member in this House of Commons who knows the Indians of Canada as well as the hon. member for Comox-Alberni does. He was pretty well reared in an Indian village. His west coast riding of Comox-Alberni includes more Indians, I suppose, than the rest of British Columbia, who are renowned in Canadian history, the most warlike of all the Canadian Indians, the only ones who stopped the Spanish, the British and the Canadian explorers.

But at the same time I wonder, when the hon. member for Comox-Alberni asks for the vote for the Indians, whether he would turn his mind back to two or three years ago and think whether some of these old klotchmen—that is an Indian phrase on the west coast—whether these very old and aged Indian women, if called upon at the last election to sort out the relative virtues of Jack Gibson, the independent candidate for parliament, Nigel Morgan, the communist candidate for parliament and Mr. Barnett, CCF candidate for parliament, because of their lack of knowledge of the English or the French language—they speak Chinook—could have decided which one of these three was best able to represent them in parliament.

Mr. FULTON: Gibson was Indian enough.

Mr. SINCLAIR: I know there are many good Scotch names which seem very heavily interlarded throughout the Indian tribes in British Columbia.

A certain thing which strikes me as unusual about this amendment is that it was moved by the hon. member for Essex West.

Mr. BROWN: The sun parlour Canada.

Mr. SINCLAIR: It was moved by the hon. member for the sun parlour of Canada and seconded by the hon. member for Comox-Alberni, who in his speech suggested that perhaps twenty years from now the Indians on the reserves might be fit for the vote. I have never heard of a motion moved by one person who wanted to have it become effective immediately, and seconded by another who wanted it twenty years from now.

Mr. GIBSON (Comox-Alberni): My hon. friend did not hear me.

Mr. SINCLAIR: The hon. gentleman will probably be here twenty years from now as the independent member for Comox-Alberni and he can then move it himself. I feel that one of the great incentives in the way of getting the Indians off the reserves, so that they might live as the rest of Canadians do under normal circumstances, would be to say to them, "if you cease being wards of the government, if you move out of the reserve and live as other Canadians live, you will get the vote. That would be a great incentive to the Indians."

In my own riding I live three blocks away from one of the principal reserves in the Vancouver area. In my own city of North Vancouver there are a great number of Indian families—as a matter of fact one cannot call them Indian families; they are Canadian families—who left the reserve to establish themselves where their children would go, not to Catholic or to Protestant Indian school, but to Canadian schools, where they would learn to live as Canadians. These people have the vote. I

should like to think they will vote for me, but whether they vote for me or for my opponent, they have established that right. I say therefore that, because those hon. members who are interested in this matter evidently did not take sufficient interest in it to bring it before the committee on the elections act, and secondly, because those who still live on the reserves are wards of the government and as such are dependents and not entitled to the consideration which should be given to Indians who have left their reserves and begun to live as Canadians, I must vote against the amendment moved by the hon. member for Essex West and seconded by the hon. member for Comox-Alberni.

Mr. CROLL: I welcome the opportunity of supporting the amendment moved by the chairman of the Indian affairs committee, and I am particularly impressed by the seconded, the hon. member for Comox-Alberni, and even more so after the recommendations he received from the hon. member from Vancouver North. I feel, therefore, that I am on solid ground when I suggest to the committee, agreeing with the mover of the resolution, that the time has come for us, not only to consider the discontinuance of the practice, but actually to put an end to it, of treating the Indians like children. Let us, instead, allow them to live normal adult lives.

I recall the debate in this house on a resolution moved by the hon. member for Calgary East in 1945 when many pious utterances were made over the usual period of an hour, but nothing has been done in the three years that have elapsed. My own feeling is that we have too long kept the Indians in dependence and restricted them to an inferior status. The time has come—it should not be twenty years hence; the time is now—when we should clothe them with the dignity of citizenship and assimilate them into Canadian life. I think our difficulty has been that we have adopted a paternal attitude toward the Indians; as a matter of fact, an attitude of archaic paternalism which belongs to another day.

Whether this committee believes it or not, the Indian is the only man without a vote in the country of his origin. I am told that in the last war 5,000 Indians served

in the armed forces.

Mr. GIBSON (Hamilton West): They all got the vote.

Mr. CROLL: I am not suggesting that they did not. In this war there were 4,000. They also pay taxes. I think that should appeal to hon. members when they realize that taxation without representation changed the face of the continent to the south of us.

The suggestion is made that Indians are a backward race. That is due to sheer neglect and indifference on our part. Instead of the Indians being backward, our treatment of the Indian marks us as backward at the present time. I welcome this discussion, because it is an opportunity to correct a great wrong. It is a reform long overdue. I do not think the resolution went far enough. It is time that the Indian affairs committee reported, so that we might have an Indian department with Indians on the staff, giving the Indians an opportunity to lead normal lives. Canadian Indians must become Canadian citizens. For that reason I support the resolution.

(To be continued)

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MR. THOMAS Shewish, South-west Coast District Vice-President of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., otherwise known as the "Whaler" by many of his friends along the Coast, has now arrived at Wadhams Cannery, Rivers Inlet. Mr. Shewish set out from Alberni via Victoria with his gillnetter the "Somass Kid," recently equipped with a new marine engine. The trip was successful until he reached the Yukletaw Rapids when he discovered to his dismay that some one during his absence had taken the chart which covered that area, and had forgotten to "return it." The open waters of the Pacific was no doubt easier than the Yukletaw rapids to navigate, but leave it to Tom to find a way out—an SOS was sent by wire to the Brotherhood office by Shewish, requesting "navigatable assistance and guidance." This was sent in the manner of the least time lost and once more the Captain of the "Somass Kid" was on his merry way. The "Whaler" was again sounding bottom.

BILL ROBERTS of Campbell River and his two sons were in Vancouver on official business. Roberts, now a logging operator on the Reserve in the vicinity of Campbell River, is in town completing the sale of approximately four hundred thousand feet of logs. The entire operation is handled by Mr. Roberts with the assistance of four or five of his tribesmen. He will return shortly to his home to continue operations.

MISS VICTORIAN Ritchie visited the Native Brotherhood office on her return from the berry fields in the United States. Her home is in the Pemberton-Lillooet district at Creekside, B.C.

A visit to St. Paul's Hospital to see Mrs. Francis Joe, also of Creekside, who is a patient there.

MR. AND MRS. George Robinson of Kitimaat, B.C., were visitors to Vancouver and immediately started a program which included all sports for their entertainment. They also took in the Police Sports and Olympic Trials at Brockton Point on July 1st, watching with keen interest Richard Morgan of Kitwanga compete in the fifteen hundred metre race.

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PIERRE BILL and Plous Benoit of Fort St. James were visitors to the Native Brotherhood office while in Vancouver and a pleasant hour was spent in numerous discussions regarding the revision of the Indian Act and the recommendations.

Pierre Bill has been away from the Fort St. James Reserve for a few years and is now employed at a saw mill at Port Alberni. Both plan to return to Port Alberni to resume work.

E. J. Douglas has the gill-netter "Clover S." and Joe Brown has the "Joy Bird"—they are both from Hartley Bay.

Capt. Robert Bell, Alert Bay, towed a scow from Knights Inlet to A.B.C. North Pacific Cannery on the Skeena River and was seen with 11 gill-net boats in tow back to Good Hope Cannery, Rivers Inlet.

Capt. Peter Leighton, Metlakatla, has rebuilt his packer "Dicky Boy."

Peter M. Ryan and his son, Harvey, of Port Simpson, have the gill-netter "Vermont 2."

Capt. John D. Pahl is packing at Sunnyside Cannery with the "Yankee Boy." His son, Henry Pahl, is engineer.

S. MacKay of Greenville is halibut fishing with his gill-netter "Mary Rose." H. Davis of Aiyanish, has the "Betsey."

James Gosnell is having a new 31' gillnet boat built at Prince Rupert to be named the "Tempo" and powered with a Crown Chrysler.

Sheila Barrett, noted mimic, was entertaining at a party. Suddenly she burst into song and sang an operatic aria beautifully. Surprised, her hostess remarked, "I didn't know you could sing so well." "I can't sing at all," replied Miss Barrett. "I was just imitating Lily Pons."

—Theodore Rubin in The Woman.

"Darling," said Mrs. Brown to her husband one evening, "I've accepted a part in the next play to be given by the Neighborhood Troupe."

"That's fine," replied Mr. Brown. "What kind of a costume will you wear in the play?"

"A bathing suit," she answered. "Have you any objections?"

"You bet I have!" the husband protested loudly. "Do you want the neighbors to think that I married you for your money?"

—Raymond P. Walker.

Service

If we would get the most from life

We find it most in giving,
For happiness in service lies,
And not in narrow living.

Life is a patchwork thing at best
Made up of joy and sorrow;
A kindly deed today may bring
A burst of song tomorrow.

So let us make the high resolve
With service our endeavor
To banish thought of selfishness
And bring good will forever.

—Will H. Johnston

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RECIPE . .

SALMON CREOLE

Brown 2 tablespoons chopped onion in butter, add 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1 tablespoon green pepper and seasonings, and cook ten minutes. Put 1 pound of Clover Leaf Canned Salmon, sprinkle flaked, into a baking dish. Pour Creole sauce over the salmon, sprinkle with bread crumbs and bake in moderate oven for 15 or 20 minutes. Serves 6.



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